

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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ANOTHER GOOD THING FROM THE WAR

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A WEARY FIGHTER SEEKS A REST

THE VILLAGE OVER THE BORDER

The Great Mountain Spaces
That Have No Room for Strife

A LESSON FOR POLITICIANS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

When the south-eastern part of Hungary, known as Transylvania, was given by the Peace Treaty to Rumania the inhabitants had to learn the lesson of being aliens in their own country.

It is not an easy lesson, and only too often tempers are frayed in the process.

A Hungarian suddenly found the other day that he was too weary and disheartened to go on. Casting about for a suitable place in which to rest from his labours he remembered a village he had once known in the heart of the Transylvanian mountains, and he lost no time in making his way to it.

Beauty at Every Turn

It was one of those villages where Hungarians and Rumanians have lived side by side for centuries.

An extraordinarily pleasant village it was too. The jaded visitor, coming to it one Saturday afternoon, was met by sights of beauty at every turn. The wild flowers in the meadows were as lovely as the snow-capped hills looking down on them, the carved gate-posts of the homesteads as exquisite as the little stone church with its wooden spire. Even the attire of the villagers was a delight.

But there was a still greater delight in store for the traveller, for no sooner had the tidings spread that there was a stranger in the village than word was passed round that all should do him honour by donning their Easter Sunday finery for church the next morning.

The Bending Spire

Now the Easter Sunday garb of these villagers is truly wonderful, and we may imagine the enchantment of the guest as he walked to church the next morning. He hardly knew which to look at most—the girls with pearl-set crowns on their heads or the married women with flowered kerchiefs and embroidered garments glowing like jewels. So attracted was he that he almost forgot to admire the little church of whose spire he was told that it could bend like a reed before a wind and, like a reed, right itself again.

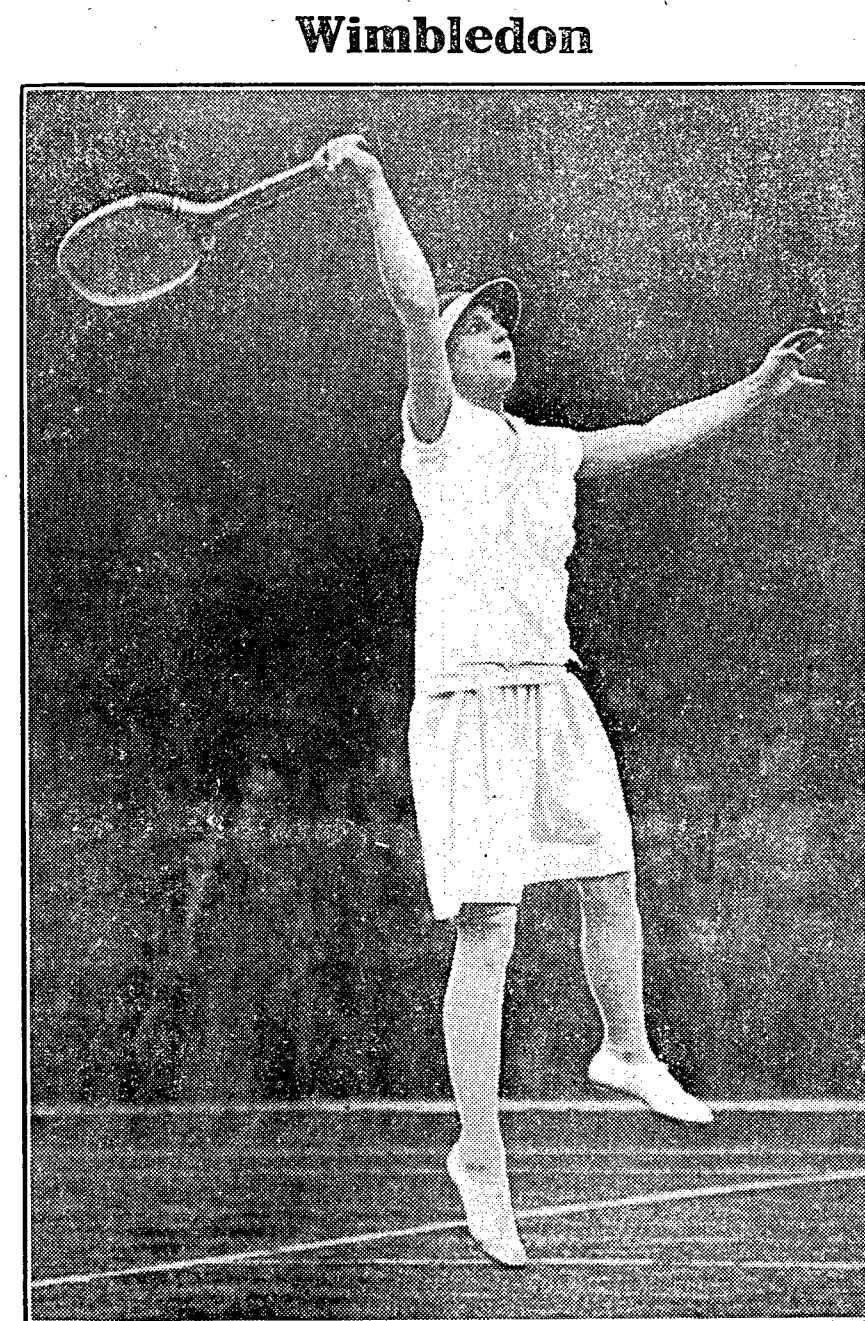
After service the congregation lingered in the little fortified churchyard, and the visitor, lingering with them, entered into conversation with some of the men.

"Are there many Rumanians in the village?" he asked.

"About as many as Hungarians," answered the man; "six hundred or so."

"And do you find it hard to get on with them?"

"Hard? Not at all. We have always



The thoughts of tennis players all over the world are turned toward the famous courts at Wimbledon, where representatives of many nations are taking part in the tournaments which are now in full swing. Here is Miss Helen Wills, the wonderful American girl who was the Singles champion last year. See page 7.

lived in peace and friendliness. There hasn't been a fight in this village for a hundred years at least."

"We have always known their language, now they are learning ours," said another man; "and they don't seem to mind our flag. They like it—and they like our national dress too. Some of them wear it. Last year some grand folk came from Bucharest in cars (there was a princess among them, they said) and reproached the Rumanians for not sticking to their own dress. 'Why should we,' was the reply, 'when the Hungarian dress is so much handsomer?'"

"What about the Sunday dances?" asked the visitor. "Do you have them together?"

"No—never," replied the young man. "The Rumanian dances are different from ours, you see; so is their music. Each of us prefers to stick to his own.

Wimbledon

But (he paused a moment to let this sink in) every Rumanian dance is opened by a Hungarian, and every Hungarian dance by a Rumanian. We think it friendlier that way. Afterwards each goes back to his own dancing ground."

Could courtesy farther go?

Long after the villagers had gone home to their midday meal the visitor sat in the old churchyard meditating on what he had heard. How different was this atmosphere from that he had come from! How much more sane!

Was it the majesty of the changeless hills, he wondered, which had instilled such wisdom into the hearts of these men? Whatever the cause, the results were so admirable that the weary fighter felt his heart uplifted and thought he discerned, far away on his own sombre horizon, a ray of light which surely be the promise of a better

THE LONELY MAN IS HOME AGAIN

ROUND THE WORLD BY HIMSELF

Alain Gerbault's Remarkable
Experiences in the Firecrest

AN OLD TENNIS PLAYER'S FEAT

Home is the sailor, home from sea.

After giving thousands who have never seen him a thrill of consternation lest no one should see him again Alain Gerbault arrived at the Azores.

Half a world was waiting for news of him. Readers of the C.N. who have followed the news of his voyage about the world as it has arrived in fragments during the last five years were as anxious as if he had been a personal friend. Perhaps he was. Some men can make friends with everyone without ever trying.

Since August, 1924, when Alain set sail from Nice in the Firecrest, he has disappeared, appeared, and then disappeared from sight and knowledge over and over again. But always, just when he had been all but forgotten, except by the few who kept him in mind and would be wondering what had become of him, word would come.

Offered a Kingdom

Once it came from an island in the Pacific, where it was said that the Polynesian islanders had offered to make him a king if he would stay. He did not. He set sail one morning at dawn, for always his thoughts and wishes were toward France.

The last port he had touched at was St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, and then this adventurer, who had touched every continent, after passing through the Panama Canal declared that he was going home. He left on May 6.

France made ready to welcome her son at Cherbourg. Then came the report which caused the thrill of apprehension. His little barque was said to have been sighted in the Bay of Biscay. Seaplanes and a gunboat went out to seek him.

Lost and Found

Neither Gerbault nor the Firecrest was anywhere to be seen. Had he gone down, so close to port? Where was he?

Then it was proved that the boat which had been seen was not the Firecrest, but one in which two Englishmen were sailing, and those who could Alain's record breathed again surely reappear.

And that he did, in the Azores Firecrest at Richard Grenville lay (where once revenge), and was quite in the midst of the anxiety he had caused, oblige is every reason to expect at Cherbourg will shortly be cheering him. What a reception the old tennis player would have at Wimbledon!

ONE MORE DREAM THE BEGINNING OF ITS COMING TRUE

International Bank as a Great Power for Peace GOOD IDEA FROM THE WAR

One of the most promising institutions set up in our time (the beginning, perhaps, of the world-wide money system which must come someday) is the new International Bank for managing Germany's War payments.

Under the old Dawes Plan for paying her war debts Germany was paying 125 million pounds a year for an indefinite number of years.

Under the new Young Plan she will pay an average of 100 million pounds for 37 years and about 80 million pounds for another 22 years.

What Germany Will Pay

Actually in the year beginning next March she will pay roundly £85,000,000; after that the payment rises until in 1966 it reaches £121,000,000. Then the yearly payment falls again to about £80,000,000 and so remains until 1985. Then, in the succeeding three years, 1986-1988, the yearly payment drops to about £46,000,000.

Let us remind ourselves that the year 1988 is so far away that a boy or girl of 15 reading these lines will have to live to be 74 to see the last of the payments.

It comes to this, that the German Government of today has pledged the credit of its children's children, or such of them as may be alive after the lapse of two generations, to pay these enormous sums to foreign nations.

Let us see how the German payments are to be divided between various countries. If we take the average of the German payments from 1929 to 1965, the yearly distribution among the Powers is as follows:

Britain	£20,450,000
France	£52,320,000
Italy	£10,685,000
Belgium	£5,775,000
United States	£3,305,000
Japan	£660,000
Yugo-Slavia	£4,200,000
Rumania	£1,000,000
Portugal	£600,000
Greece	£350,000
Poland	£25,000

It should not be imagined that we really get anything out of this distribution of German reparations; what we are paid by Germany under this scheme, together with the interest we receive on money lent to France, Belgium, Italy, and other countries for the war, will all go to pay the interest we owe the United States on the sums she lent us during the war.

We have engaged to pay to the United States about £36,000,000 a year, and the last payment will not be made until 1984.

With this brief summary of the debt figures, we pass to the important proposal made by the Committee to assist in the collection and distribution of the German millions.

First International Bank

The Committee proposes that a great international bank shall be established for the purposes of this settlement, and that it shall be called the Bank for International Settlement. It is to be formed by a committee of banking experts representing the great banks of the seven countries represented on the Reparations Committee.

This bank is to be purely non-political and is to be entrusted with the receipt and distribution of the enormous sums capital of £200 million. The bank is to have a

The immediate object of this bank, the seen, will be, of course, to receive the war payments and to distribute them, but we shall be surprised if, in the long run, it does not come to fulfil a wider purpose. We see that Mr. P.

HIS LIFE FOR HIS BROTHER

What a Cripple Did

If ever there was a hero it was little Frederick Nicholson who saved his baby brother's life in Theobald's Road, Holborn, and gave his own life in doing it.

There were three children playing with a home-made trolley—Freddie and his baby brother in it, and another boy pushing it from behind. As with many other London children, their playground was the street, and Freddie was light-heartedly steering the car amid the thronging traffic.

The trolley, steered by a piece of string which broke, suddenly slid into the middle of the road right in the path of a bus. The accident which followed could not be avoided.

Pushed to Safety

But just before the bus was on the little box on wheels Freddie threw himself out in front of the bus, put his arms round his baby brother, and pushed him out of the way to safety. In another second the trolley and poor Freddie were beneath the bus, and the little hero died in the hospital to which he was taken.

There is another story to tell, not so sad as that, where a child's life was saved by the swift humanity of a cripple.

This happened at Donisthorpe in Leicestershire, where a child of two was playing by the canal and fell in. A paralysed cripple, Thomas Gilliver, was sitting in an invalid chair by the canal and saw the accident. He threw himself out of his chair and, paralysed as he was, dragged himself to the edge of the water, crawled in, and caught the struggling child by the toes!

There the cripple held the child up till help arrived and a life was saved.

Heroism is neither old nor young. It is God's gift to all.

ON THE EVE OF BIG EVENTS

Getting Something Done for Peace

General Dawes, the new American Ambassador, to whom the C.N. paid its tribute some weeks ago, has become immediately popular, and his readiness to get to work in promoting world peace has inspired a new hope.

Arriving in England on a Friday, General Dawes saw the King at Windsor on Saturday and the Prime Minister in Scotland on Sunday, returning to London on Monday. Everybody likes his way of getting things done, and it is the general belief that we are on the eve of events rich with promise for the peace of the world.

Continued from the previous column

point Morgan, the great American financier who was one of those who proposed the new bank, calls it a great instrument for the promotion of peace.

The world badly needs better means of international exchange than it has. What happens now is that rates of exchange between the money of one country and the money of another are constantly varying, and the variations greatly hamper world commerce.

Indeed, the difficulties of exchange which hinder international commerce are so great that only the supreme necessities of men overcome them. The world will never exchange its products freely to the mutual advantage of all men until international banking has reached a much more advanced stage, and we may hail the new bank as a great step in the right direction. A world currency may be at present a dream, but all good things begin as dreams.

THE UNKNOWN SCOUT

A Good Deed and What Came of it

Twenty years ago an American traveller found himself hopelessly and completely lost in London.

Seeing a boy passing he turned to him for aid. The lad not only gave the traveller the address he wanted, but guided him to it. Then, firmly but politely refusing the tip that was offered him with the remark "I am a Scout," the boy went on his way.

The American, impressed by the boy's action, began to find out who and what the Scouts were. His investigations over, he carried the idea overseas and founded a Scout organisation in his own city.

The Bronze Buffalo

That was the beginning of the Boy Scout brotherhood in the United States; and it had an interesting sequel some years later when the American Scouts, as a sign of goodwill and in memory of the English Scout's good deed, sent over a bronze figure of a buffalo (the highest honour they can confer) to their English comrades. The statue bears the following inscription:

To the Unknown Scout whose faithfulness in the performance of his daily good turn brought the Boy Scout movement to the United States of America.

Today the American Scouts are about a million strong and their Chief Scout is Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. The man who founded the organisation, Mr. William D. Boyce, has lately passed beyond this world to where good deeds are not forgotten.

THE HALL BUILT ON THE WRONG SITE

Strange Happening in a City

Never since the gardeners planted white roses where the Queen ordered red, and then painted them red in the hope of deceiving Her Wonderland Majesty has such a blunder happened as the blunder of the Salvation Army Hall at Sheffield.

The Salvation Army bought a corner site on a new housing estate. About four months ago building began; the Salvation Army surveyor came down to inspect it, and all seemed well. Only when the hall was finished did someone discover that it was on the wrong site!

At first it was feared the hall would have to be pulled down and rebuilt. But the Sheffield Corporation knows that the Salvation Army wants all the money it can get for helping the poor and friendless, and it seemed a disaster that it should have to pay for building a hall twice. So the Corporation intervened, and an exchange of sites was effected.

The hall stands where it stood—not where it was meant to stand.

THE LAST FOREIGN MINISTER OF AUSTRIA

Count Julius Andrássy has died in Budapest, and with him passed away the last Foreign Minister of Austria.

How pathetic today is that title, which once meant so much and now means nothing at all! The foundation of a ramshackle Empire and its crash in the break-up of European dynasties are all recalled by the name of Count Andrássy.

It was his father's name before him, and that Count Andrássy was at the joining together of Austria and Hungary under the Dual Monarchy of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The son saw the Empire collapse in the ruin of the war and the Hapsburg Monarchy exiled.

During the war and three years before its close he pleaded for peace, and, though he pleaded in vain, his life of failure is redeemed by that honour.

LEFT BEHIND How Pally Caught the Train

A LITTLE FELLOW WHO WILL GET ON

Pally Fekete, who goes to school in Hungary, should go farther.

He has already gone far.

Pally is a small boy who lives on one of the farms of Majsajakabszalas, a pleasant rural district about a hundred miles or so from Budapest. At the elementary school which Pally attended the name of the region is pronounced quite easily. C.N. readers of Pally's age may find it easier to spell.

Pally and thirty other children were invited as a treat to make a three-days visit to Budapest. The great day came. All the children were safely got on board the train except Pally. When he arrived at the station the train was well away, its smoke and steam streaming in the wind. Poor Pally had missed it.

Running Along the Railway

Despair filled his breast. To miss Budapest, with all its sights and wonders, the chance of a lifetime! But did Pally sit down on the platform and weep? Not a bit of it. He started after the train!

At four o'clock in the morning Pally began to run. At eight o'clock on the evening of the next day Pally would still have been running if he had not fallen exhausted by the railway track. There a policeman found him. He had run barefoot all the way on the stones by the side of the line.

What a lad! And what else could the railway people do but send him on by the next train. In Budapest he rejoined the school treat, and all he said was that he was glad that he had not missed it.

One can hardly believe it, but Pally had run seventy miles. Pally has been left behind once, but we cannot believe that a boy like that will ever be left behind again anywhere.

AN ELECTRIC EYE FOR SCHOOLS

New Wonder of the Automatic Age

An interesting little device has been made by the General Electric Company for preventing school pupils from working in a bad light.

The electric lamps in the school-room are worked by a switch, and can, of course, be turned on in the ordinary way. But the switch is also connected with a photo-electric cell, and when the light falls below a certain strength the cell operates and turns on the lights. If the weather gets cloudy and the light dim, or when twilight approaches, the ever-watchful photo-electric cell automatically lights up the schoolrooms, and thus the pupils have always plenty of light to work in.

THINGS SAID

Swedes want only the very best in everything. Crown Prince of Sweden

I love the way you let your trees grow. An American in London

Few people say what many people think. Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby

A generation of musically-instructed children is growing up. Sir Landon Ronald

This generation has no time to go up and down the steps of the subway. A correspondent

The country means that the deepest things in us can get out of their cage and breathe. Bishop of Guildford

There is one thing above class—Country; there is one thing above country—Humanity. Mrs. Wintringham

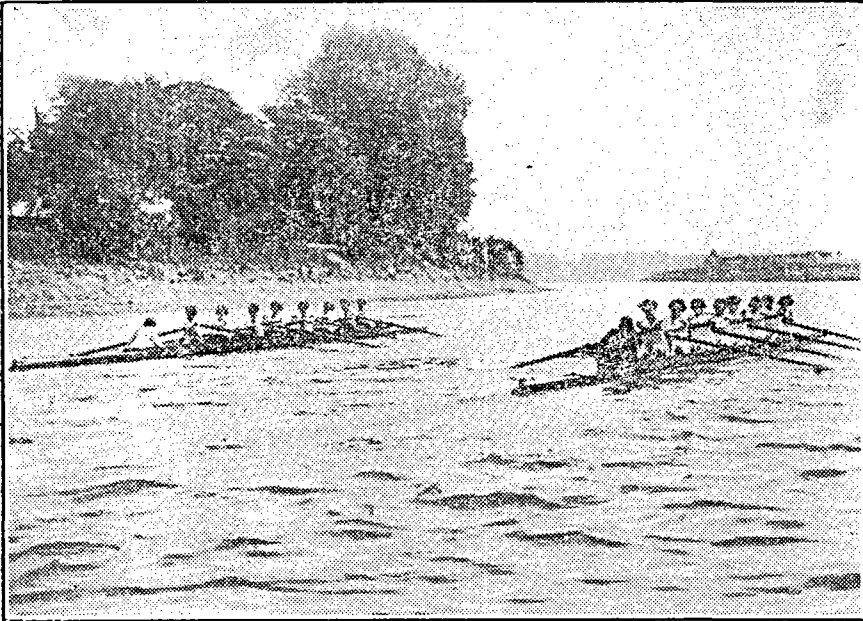
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Saint Paul

June 29, 1929

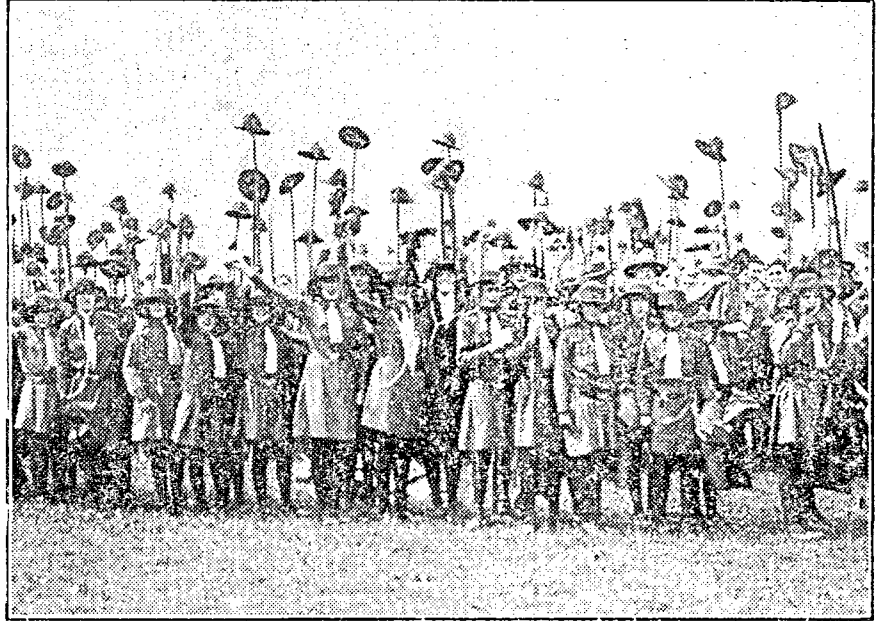
The Children's Newspaper

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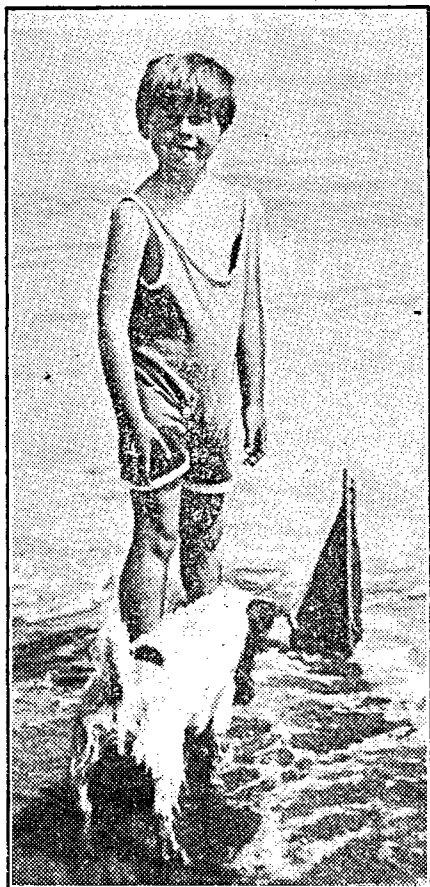
THE BOY KING'S HOLIDAY • CHEERING B.P. • ISLE OF MAN TELEPHONE



Rivals on the River—Crews of girls from the London School of Medicine and King's College are here seen competing on the Thames for the championship of London University.



Cheers for the Chief Scout—When Sir Robert Baden-Powell attended a Boy Scout and Girl Guide rally in Belfast he received an enthusiastic welcome, as this picture shows.



The Boy King at the Seaside—The young King Michael of Rumania is here seen on holiday enjoying a bathe with his dog.



A Girl and Her Horse—The girl in this picture, Peggy Pacey of Rugby, is only ten, but she has won 200 prizes for riding. She has been selected as one of the English team to take part in riding competitions in France. Here we see her out with some Highland terriers.



Canada's Gift to England—This fine statue of General Wolfe, presented to England by Canada, is to be erected in Greenwich Park.



Boys Act Twelfth Night—This is a scene from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which was performed on prize-giving day by boys of the City of London School, opposite the C.N. office.



Isle of Man on the Telephone—A new cable has made it possible to telephone from England to the Isle of Man. Here is the engineer speaking to the island from Blackpool beach.

A MILLION IN THE OCEAN BED

TREASURE OF THE EGYPT
Raising a Lost Ship With a Wonderful Magnet
PLANS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

The old game of treasure-seeking never goes out of fashion.

Off wave-beaten Ushant the P. & O. liner Egypt lies with five tons of gold and 45 tons of silver in her hull, and two Italian salvage ships, Artiglio and Rostro, are trying to lift the sunken treasure.

There is more than a million pounds' worth in the hull, which has rested at the ocean bottom in 70 fathoms of water for nine years. A French steamer crashed into her on May 20, 1920, and 100 lives, more precious than the bullion, were lost. The lives cannot be recovered, but the gold may.

In the Strong Room

The treasure sank like lead with the ship, but the records of the voyage tell exactly how the boxes of gold bars worth £674,000, the gold sovereigns worth £165,000, and the loose silver bars worth £215,000, were stowed in the strong room. It is also believed that the Egypt sank in such a way that she should be found lying on her side, so that the salvagers can prepare their plan of campaign.

First they have to find the sunken ship, and that is no easy task, though the Egypt's approximate position is known from bearings and sextant observations taken at the time. The Artiglio and Rostro will have to drag for her with a steel hawser carried between them; and they may make one or two false catches, for there is no lack of wrecks on that rock-bound, storm-beaten coast.

When found and identified by a diver, the Egypt will be tackled with grabs, electro-magnets, and perhaps dynamite. But first the captain's cabin must be searched for his safe and his log book, which tells how the treasure is packed in the bullion room.

A Special Device

The bullion room is not easy to explore. It lies under the saloons with three decks above it. If the ship lies upright a way will have to be blasted through the decks; if she is on her side her outer plating can be cut through and "lifted."

That is where a special device carried by the Artiglio will find employment. The Artiglio has a three-ton electro-magnet which will pick up and bring to the surface any heavy steel plate. When the magnets have lifted the plates the divers, with their electric lights, will be able to see how to fix steel grabs to lift the ingots and drop the treasure into an immense steel basket.

The diver's task will be a dangerous one, at that depth of 420 feet, but he will be encased in cast steel with jointed legs and claws like a lobster to resist the pressure; and we may be sure that he will handle his tons of high explosive with care.

NEW WAVE-LENGTHS

On the last day of June half the B.B.C. stations will begin working on new wave-lengths, in accordance with the arrangement at the European Radio Conference at Prague.

So far as British stations are concerned these changes are only temporary until the great regional scheme is complete. Here are the new waves in metres:

Daventry 5 XX	1553	Cardiff . . .	310
Manchester . . .	479	Aberdeen . . .	301
Daventry 5 GB	399	Newcastle . . .	261
Glasgow . . .	377	Belfast . . .	242
London . . .	356	Leeds . . .	200

All other stations (288.5) are unchanged.

WHO WILL FIND A NEW LAMP?

Invention Wanted for the Talking Film
REMARKABLE POWERS OF CHANGE

The talking pictures have caused the search for a new kind of electric lamp, for the special lamp at present used often burns out in a few minutes and costs a lot of money.

The microphones in the studio where a picture is being filmed pick up the sounds and turn them into tiny electric currents, as they do in an ordinary telephone. These currents are strengthened by means of the valves used in wireless, and the stronger currents are applied to a remarkable electric lamp, which gives a little ring of bluish light at one end.

Although the eye can see nothing, this ring of light flickers all the time, for its strength varies each instant in accordance with the strength of the microphone current.

The flickers are recorded through a narrow slit on a photographic film, and appear as narrow bands, the width varying with the different sounds. The lamp is marvellously sensitive, but its short life is very awkward, and some of the biggest electrical research establishments in England and America are seeking to invent a better one. The new lamp must be capable of changing in the strength of its light at least *twenty thousand times in a second!*

IN THIS TIME OF GREAT HOPE

God give us men. A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands,

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will, Men who have honour and who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And flout his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with their well-worn creeds,

Their large professions, and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps. J. G. Holland

THE FIRE ON KIT HILL

Cornwall has revived an ancient custom by lighting a midsummer fire.

Midsummer is a delightful time for doing anything, even for having a bonfire, which blazes most merrily, it is true, on a murky winter night.

The bonfire was lit on Kit Hill, overlooking the Tamar Valley and standing over a thousand feet up.

In these days, when so many ancient customs and traditions seem to be dying out, it is pleasant to see one of the most ancient of all revived. There were midsummer fires on Kit Hill before the Roman Eagles came, and merry songs sung. The original idea was that a good midsummer fire meant a good harvest, especially if it was preceded by three fine days running. Old calendars are very strong on that. The fire also kept dragons away—and no one wants too many dragons about!

THIS YEAR'S WEATHER NEXT YEAR'S TRADE

We have an old rhyme which tells us that March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers.

There is a greater truth concerning the countryside which no maker of wise sayings appears to have put into rhyme.

The season through which we are passing brings forth results which will affect our prosperity, not next month but next year. Upon the weather of early summer depends the success of our flocks and herds and the cost of next year's clothing and carpets.

Good rains, sandwiched between life-giving sunshine, mean abundant crops in our hayfields, and hay and clover are life for our horses, sheep, and cattle.

The building-up of the hay harvest begins, of course, before the first of the summer months, but when early rains have been scarce, frosts frequent, and winds inclement June has to make good the precious days lost to growth in the open, to crown the work of laggard spring, and to prepare the foundations of the second hay harvest, if we are fortunate enough to have one.

Our Superb Grass Lands

Ours is a small country, but it supports the finest sheep, cattle, and horses in the world, yet all our fame and skill as breeders of animals would be useless if Nature had not bestowed upon us such superb grass lands.

To many townspeople a field of grass is simply a place in which to play cricket or tennis; to the farming industry it means an income of about 20 millions a year. The crop feeds the horses that do our work. It feeds the cattle which give us milk and butter, meat for table, leather for boots and harness, and a host of properties for fertilising the land and for medicine in sickness. It feeds the sheep which help to feed us in turn and yield us wool.

Upon British grass are nurtured animals exported to all the countries which can feed and maintain herb-eating domestic animals. Our manufacturers are not dependent solely on home-grown wool and leather. We import enormous quantities; but our own stock is rich and abundant, and without it we should fail, for its absence would lead to a sudden rise in world prices which would make purchases by the poor almost impossible and cause a great upset in international trade.

Maintaining British Credit

The prices realised by our grass-fed animals, and by the articles manufactured from their products, help to maintain British credit in the markets of the world; we have not money enough to pay in cash for all we buy abroad.

Two or three good falls of warm rain mean so much more beef, mutton, wool, leather; so much more cheap good food in the mangers of the horses. Rain and sunshine swell the harvest of our green fields, make stock-keeping cheap and easy, fill our outgoing ships with wares and the bank-books of the farmer, breeder, and manufacturer with balances on the right side.

We have not drifted so far from Nature as we think. Good grass, a weed in our garden paths, is like gold in our pastures, and the bulk of our wealth is derived from it. Haymaking is of the very poetry of country life, but, like many other happy occupations of this world, it is a blend of necessity with romance, and now is the season when sunshine and shower can make it a golden gain or a melancholy loss.

WHEN HE WAS A BOY

When I look back upon my boyhood I like to think that I was successively an engine-driver, a tramcar conductor, a sailor, an actor, and then for four years successively Foreign Secretary of this country and Prime Minister.

Archbishop of Canterbury

RED FOR SAFETY

The Badge of the Beret
A GOOD IDEA IN FRANCE

Children are wearing the red beret in France in the cause of Safety First.

When the French motorist sees a red beret ahead he knows that there is a child underneath it and puts his hands on the brake lever. Probably the red beret will save many children's lives. It will save many a motorist a clutch at the heart.

Half the schoolchildren in towns and villages on the main roads of traffic out of Paris are now wearing this red badge of caution which catches the motorist's eye quicker than any other colour.

Many English girls and boys wear the beret now at their games, in flattering imitation of Borotra, the lawn tennis player who first introduced it to Wimbledon. When Borotra, who comes from the Basque country, was asked why he wore a beret he replied quite simply that it was to keep his hair tidy.

Borotra's Agility

In the Basque country the wind blows on 200 days of the year, and the beret is a distinct advantage to the wearer.

M. Borotra, who will soon be bounding on the Centre Court at Wimbledon again, seems so agile that it is hard to think the most erratic motor-car could ever cause him a moment's anxiety. But the English boy or girl, neither so active nor so alert, might well be given a Borotra beret of vermilion hue, to warn the motorist that here ahead is a careless child at play.

It is near the schoolhouse of the village that these red signals would be most useful. They have, as the C.N. has noted, been already imitated in another garment at a school in Scotland.

In London and in the country generally, as it is reassuring to know, motor accidents to children are diminishing in number, as the schoolchildren learn the danger. But we cannot be too careful.

A LION'S DAY OUT

King of Beast's Adventure

As the travelling circus from Cologne, with its wild beasts in cages, passed along the tree-clad valley of the Moselle River the lion snuffed the air and made a note that he smelled water.

That night, when the Circus had given its performance at the Rhineland town of Bullay, and the tents had been pegged down and nearly everyone was asleep, the lion stealthily crept out of his cage. Someone had carelessly left the door ajar.

The King of Beasts stole through the sleeping camp and padded swiftly down to the river.

Perhaps he stayed on the bank till dawn, waiting for antelopes or the other animals he had known in Africa to come down to the watering-place. None seems to have come, not even a herd of cows.

But when Bullay and the neighbourhood awoke there was the lion swimming happily in the Moselle!

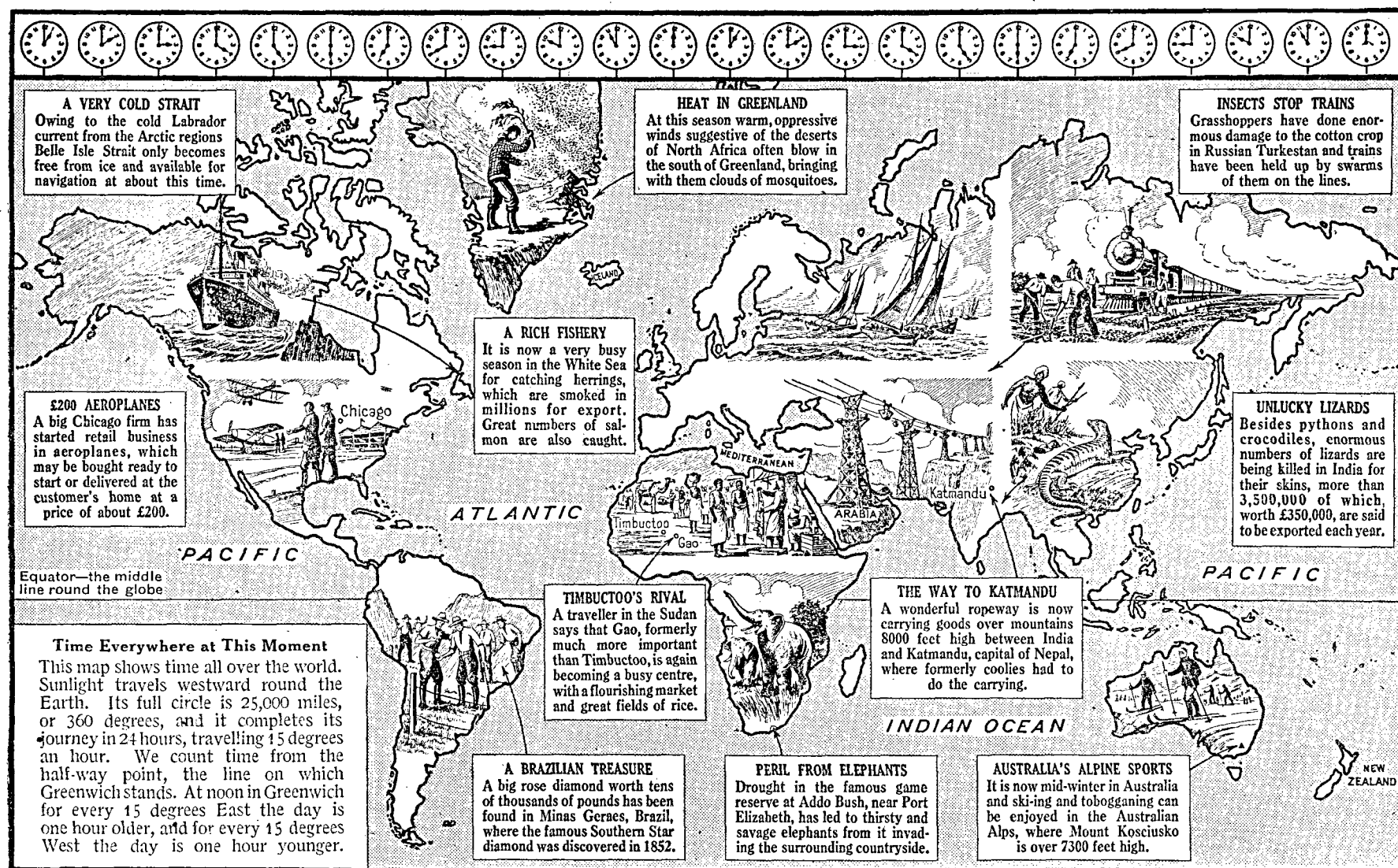
For a long time efforts to get the lion to land were without success. He continued to swim with an expression which seemed to say, "Come on in; the water's fine!" At last the circus people ringed him round with iron fencing and flung a rope round him, and he came quietly.

Now he gives his performances again in the circus with an air of quiet satisfaction. He has had his day out.

THE WINDOWS OF YORK

During the war 94 windows of York Minster were removed for safety. They have now been releaded and refixed. The seven windows of the Chapter House remain to be done, and the first of these has been unveiled at a gathering of the Friends of York Minster.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE DOG IN THE CLOAK ROOM

How an animal can sometimes accomplish what a human being fails to do is shown in this amusing story of a dog.

A man left a London-bound train in the Midlands and forgot to get his coat from the luggage-rack. On discovering his loss he wired to his father, asking him to claim the coat when the train reached the London terminus.

Accompanied by his son's dog, the father went to the parcels office and identified the coat, but the attendant said he was sorry that, as there was no legal proof, he could not give the coat up. So the father had to leave the matter. But not so the dog, who had been exploring the office. He suddenly saw the coat hanging from a peg, recognised it at a sniff, and proclaimed his find with a loud barking of joy. The attendant needed no further proof, and dog and man went away happy.

A CAMP OVEN

C.N. readers who love to camp out will be interested to learn how a travelling missionary solved the oven problem.

She made one from a kerosene tin, and says it is the cheapest and lightest oven a wanderer can have.

First she cut off the lid and replaced it by a tray one and a-half inches deep, in which she punched holes. In the tray she burns charcoal, and a second tray below catches the ashes. Then comes the oven, with a shelf, and below this is another tin holding charcoal, so that the oven heated from above and below will roast chickens or bake bread perfectly.

Vegetables and rice can be cooked on top, three small tins being put together in one saucepan of boiling water when necessary.

With this home-made cooker she travels through China.

GOOD BOYS OF BECKENHAM

Sometimes it is nice to be wrong. Mr. Best, engineer and surveyor to the Beckenham Council, is delighted to think that he was wrong 20 years ago.

The council erected a large mirror at the junction of two roads, so that motorists might see what was coming along the other highway. Mr. Best said that some boy would throw a stone at the mirror before a week was out, but it has never been broken.

We think boys have changed. The days when they never saw a thing without wanting to break or kill it are as dead as the crinoline. Perhaps the Scout movement has had something to do with the fact that modern boys think it is more fun to make than to break. After all, any fool can break.

C.O.D. BY RAIL

The initials C.O.D. are slowly becoming more familiar, and the extension of the system to the railways is progressing favourably.

It is expected that the rail-postal Cash-on-Delivery system of marketing goods will bring an all-round increase of business to our little island. During the last quarter over twelve thousand more C.O.D. consignments were sent off than during the first quarter, and the greater part of these goods was carried by fast passenger trains.

Farmers, traders, and the general public are gradually realising the simplicity of the C.O.D. scheme, and the advantages of sending goods of any weight by fast express trains for Next Morning Delivery.

THE RUBBISH OF PARIS

Eight hundred thousand tons of rubbish are collected every day of the week in Paris, and most of it is incinerated at a big works at Issy-les-Moulineaux.

The waste gases given off in burning it are used to produce electricity, and a big revenue is derived from turning the clinkers into bricks.

A PRESENT FOR EDMONTON

Edmonton is a lucky district. It has been given a twelve-roomed house in Fore Street. And the house is a lucky building, for it is to be filled with children's laughter as long as it stands.

Many years ago Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Beer were troubled by the thought that many of the tots of Edmonton had nowhere to play, and they started a day nursery in Fore Street. Busy mothers could leave toddlers there in safety, and go to work or do the family wash while kindly volunteers looked after the babies.

Now Mr. Beer has given the house to Edmonton on condition that it is continued as a day nursery.

THE BOOK VAN IN KENT

The Kent County Library has now over a hundred thousand books, and the volumes borrowed reach about a million.

The books are distributed by two County Library vans, which last year covered a distance of over 15,000 miles, visiting over 1200 centres.

The average number of books in the village centres is 180. Four new centres were closed last year and eight new ones opened. About 840,000 volumes borrowed were fiction and 120,000 were serious subjects.

The population served has grown in six years from 188,000 to 488,000.

L.M.S. SPEED-UP

A few lucky people can have wings at holiday-time so that they may actually fly away and be at rest. But the Man in the Street, even though he is wingless, will now be able to reach some lovely holiday resort in greater speed and comfort than ever.

Over a thousand new L.M.S. trains will take holidaymakers to Scotland, the Lake District, Wales, and the coast of Lancashire after this month. Weekend holiday trains will often be run in duplicate, and there is to be a general speeding-up of the traffic.

A HEART'S NEW HOME

The French Army has a very singular custom.

Every time the roll of the Forty-Sixth Regiment is called a certain man is named who died in 1800. When his name is read out an N.C.O. answers "Dead on the field of honour."

This man's heart has just been removed to the Chapel of Saint Gregory under the Dome of the Invalides, where Napoleon sleeps. General Gouraud was there, and M. Painlevé, and the man's great nephew.

The soldier so honoured was called La Tour D'Auvergne, and he became famous for his heroic deeds. Again and again he risked his life for others, till he became the pattern of unselfish valour. Napoleon wished to promote him from the rank of captain, but he refused. He did not want more money or gold lace, he only wanted to serve. So Napoleon said he should be known as the First Grenadier of the Republic. Two months after this title was bestowed upon him he fell at the Battle of Oberhausen on June 27, 1800.

France will not allow the memory of this gallant and modest man to die, and so his name will be on the roll of his regiment till there are no more armies. Even after that his heart will sleep near his master—and near a finer and simpler man still: Marshal Foch.

A RAT LOTTERY

Rats, like rabbits, are most prolific breeders, and in Moscow they have recently been breeding so fast that the authorities have started a rat lottery to encourage the people to get rid of the pests.

For each 5000 dead rats sent in 250 roubles will be given, and everyone who sends in a dead rat will have a chance of drawing the prize in a lottery. A similar lottery led to the destruction of nearly two million rats in the Island of Formosa in the Western Pacific Ocean.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 29

1929

What the Country
Has Done

We make no apology for letting the British Weekly occupy our pulpit this week with an article so notable, in our opinion, that it should be sent far and wide.

Written in no party spirit, it points the way to the great opportunity the C.N. saw two weeks ago in the result of the elections. There is much to learn, also, from what is here said about that blessed word Security.

ANY fair-minded person can see that the electoral decision may be no calamity at all.

No one in his senses could be at ease observing the torpor, the despair of high and daring courses, the tendency to lose faith in democracy itself.

This is not necessarily to cast aspersions on the late Government. It is simply to say that any party which holds power so easily that it thinks it may neglect criticism, *any party which is physically secure, is a menace to our constitution.*

There it is that we are stumbling into error. We suppose that *security* is in all circumstances an advantage, whereas it is nearer to the truth to say that a condition of wariness and tension, a condition in which we must for ever be making new demands upon our intelligence, upon our moral qualities, upon our confidence in God, is the condition wise people would choose.

If we imagine a Supreme Mind behind this event we might with entire reverence interpret that event in some such way as this.

At the present moment there is no one party which is to be trusted implicitly with the destiny of the British Commonwealth of Free Nations. The late Government had a lease of almost unrestricted power; and, without prejudice, we are where we are. The country does not expect miracles, yet it knows that consequences which might be called miraculous are apt to come when, instead of accepting circumstances as a doom, we react against them. Further, the country wants peace.

And now the country asks that all these sentiments shall be completed in some resounding action, an action which shall lift the race out of the region of suspicion and panic, and set us free to plan and to think about matters more in harmony with the Christian understanding of life and destiny.

So the country has asked a certain party to take a turn at the seat of power, and, with a quite eerie nicety of calculation, has so hedged and qualified this party in its exercise of power that, so long as it keeps to the main road—its heart fixed and its mind open—it is safe.

And the moment such a party presumes, or lives unto itself, at that moment (the country has marvellously arranged and has already served notice) out it goes!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Only an Aunt

MODESTY is so rare among singers and actors that we like to treasure this tale concerning the modesty of a very great singer indeed.

In his new book on tennis W. T. Tilden tells how, in the year he beat Gerald Patterson at Wimbledon, a lady introduced herself to him as "Gerald's aunt." She was not a tennis star herself, only the aunt of one, and proud of her nephew.

But—the lady was Melba!

War

MR. OWEN D. YOUNG, who has won immortal glory by his plan for settling the Reparations problem, told a New York congregation not long ago of a strange sight he saw in 1924.

He had come to Germany to work on the Dawes plan, and he used to see factory hands lined up every day, sometimes twice a day, to receive their wages. By the side of the workers' queue was a relatives' queue, and directly the husband received his bundle of paper marks the wife snatched it and ran as hard as she could go to the nearest provision store to spend it on food.

The value of German money was falling so rapidly that a coin which would buy an egg in the morning would be worth only half as much in the evening. People who could pay their rent one week had nothing next week. The sick could not have doctors nor the dead decent burial.

And that is War.

Robbing Everybody

THREE Teddington men have been fined for damaging 15 trees on Esher Common.

They had uprooted the trees and were carrying them off, saying they did not know they were doing any harm!

It is more than time that grown-up people realised that they are doing harm when they uproot trees and plants. The commons and hedgerows are for everybody's enjoyment. It is selfish to steal from them for our own garden.

Flowers and trees are the cheapest things in the world, and those who love them can buy seeds and plants from the nurserymen for a few pence. It is the height of meanness to ruin the wayside rather than let the market gardener earn his living. We should not think of taking our neighbours' silver spoons, and it is as bad to rob Everybody as to rob Somebody.

Rather Odd

A Worcestershire reader sends us another collection of queer names she has come across.

Bucket	Kneebone	Tadpole
Bluebag	Newanold	Twentyman
Beetroot	Oldacres	Twelvetre
Catchlove	Pighills	Unthank
Halfyard	Stockings	Windows
Inkpen	Sweetapple	Windygates

The Republic Governed by Love

LOVE one another. We are all brothers, whatever be our colour or race or religion. Let no prejudice divide us. We are united by our watchwords: Unity, Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice.

We are a gigantic republic governed by love. The Empire has learned wisdom. Her own experience, and that of other nations, has taught her that by love alone can the peoples of the world ever attain to the poet's dream of the Brotherhood of Man. Lord Meath

Tip-Cat

PETER the Elephant is the Zoo's biggest baby. He has a trunk to put them in but no toys.

THE most dangerous occupation is now that of the pedestrian. Walking ought to be made illegal.

THE time is said to have gone when girls should be docile. It will come round again, unless they have got a new clock.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If Wimbledon's
takings are net
profits

MOST people seem afraid to be by themselves. Yet they can't bear anybody to be against them.

ACCORDING to a new theory glasses do not improve the eyesight. Even the short-sighted must be beginning to see through them.

SUN-BATHING is now practised in schools. One way of making the scholars shine.

A LADY writer says women adore danger. Yes, but only at a distance.

OTTO BRAUN has played the piano 80 hours without stopping. We are not told what was done to him.

WE understand that Woolworth's are not opening a wedding-present department.

They Will Not Perish

God will not let perish
The man who heeds His words.
God will always nourish
The man who feeds His birds.

Ardeen Foster, from his book
of verse in aid of Sadler's Wells

THE BROADCASTER

C.N.: Calling the World

CASTLE BARROW, 27 acres of beauty overlooking Morecambe Bay, has been given to the nation.

THE Japanese Educational Board is giving £4000 for Japanese Scouts to attend the Jamboree.

ANOTHER unknown benefactor has sent £10,000 to the London hospitals.

Bliss Carman Sleeps
in Canaan

Canada has lost the famous poet who was known all over the world as Bliss Carman. He was born in New Brunswick in 1861; he has died at New Canaan, Connecticut. His mother was a descendant of Emerson.

Now that his journey through this world is over perhaps we may read again these lines he wrote on a traveller by the way.

SAID a traveller by the way
Pausing, "What hast thou
to say,
Flower by the dusty road,
That would ease a mortal's load?"

TRAVELLER, hearken unto me!
I will tell thee how to see
Beauties in the Earth and Sky
Hidden from the careless eye.
I will tell thee how to hear
Nature's music wild and clear.

THOU shalt see the dawn unfold
Artisries of rose and gold,
And the sunbeams on the sea
Dancing with the winds for glee.
The red lilies of the moors
Shall be torches on the floors,
Where the field-lark lifts his cry
To rejoice the passer-by
In a wide world rimmed with
blue,
Lovely as when Time was new
And thereafter thou shalt fare
Light of foot and free from care.

WITH the many-wintered Sun
Shall thy hardy course be
run,
And the bright New Moon shall be
A lamp to thy felicity.
When green-mantled spring shall
come
Past thy door with flute and
drum,
And when over wood and swamp
Autumn trails her scarlet pomp,
No misgiving shalt thou know,
Passing glad to rise and go.

WHAT the secret, what the clue
The wayfarer must pursue?
Only one thing he must have
Who would share these trans-
ports brave:
Love within his heart must dwell
Like a bubbling roadside well.

THEN the traveller set his pack
Once more on his dusty back,
And trudged on for many a mile
Fronting fortune with a smile.

A Prayer for Every Morning

I desire, O God, this day most earnestly to please Thee; to do Thy will in each several thing which Thou shalt give me to do; to bear each thing which Thou shalt allow to befall me contrary to my will meekly, humbly, patiently, as a gift from Thee to subdue selfwill in me; and to make Thy will wholly mine.

What I do make me do simply as Thy child; let me be, throughout the day, as a child in his loving father's presence, ever looking up to Thee. May I love Thee for all Thy love. May I thank Thee, if not in words, yet in my heart, for each gift of Thy love, for each comfort which Thou allowest me day by day.

Edward Bouverie Pusey

God's Gospel

Take what you want, quoth God,
take it and pay for it.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM FORERUNNER OF ALAIN GERBAULT

The Excitements of a Journey
Round the World Alone

THE JOYS OF SOLITUDE

Alain Gerbault was already popular by his famous crossing of the Atlantic all alone on his little 10-ton cutter the Firecrest. Now he has been all round the world in the same way.

He is not the first man to accomplish this wonderful exploit; and it is interesting, as we rejoice in his achievement, to remember Captain Slocum.

Slocum was the son of an American of English origin. His father was a farmer, but the boy did not want to have anything to do with the paternal lands. Land meant nothing to him; what he desired was the sea. So his distressed parents left him to his fate.

A Chance Gift

Without a penny Slocum began his sea life as the assistant of the cook on a fishing-vessel; then he became a sailor, then a captain, then a privateer. Yet none of this brought him happiness. It was a chance gift from a friend which set him on his way.

The friend offered him, as wood for his fire, an ancient barque wrecked on the shore. The sight of it was an awakening for Slocum; he determined to mend the wreck, all alone, and to go on a journey round the world.

He worked for thirteen months to carry out his idea, and at last the sailing-ship was ready. She measured 12 yards long by four yards wide, and she was christened the Spray.

No Settled Plan

Very proudly Captain Slocum set sail from Boston Harbour.

"The blood throbbed fiercely in my veins," he wrote. "I was undertaking a risky adventure, but in full knowledge of the matter. I had taken advice from nobody but myself, confident as I was in my experience as a sailor."

Slocum had no settled plan. He went on an adventure which led him successively to Spain, South America, the Strait of Magellan, Australia, the Indian Ocean, and South America again, a strange and marvellous expedition. He supported himself on the way by giving lectures at each stopping-place and by allowing people to visit his ship on paying five shillings.

Curious Adventures

But sometimes the ports were at a terrible distance from each other, sometimes weeks apart. How did the adventurer employ his solitary days? He spent them in preparing meals, mending sails, reading, and making meteorological notes. One curious detail is that Slocum, probably like Alain Gerbault, was not compelled to remain for long hours at the helm.

"No man," he wrote, "either sitting or standing, could continually steer a ship going round the world. I did better. I read my books, cooked my food, and ate it in peace; and if the Spray drifted about on setting out all that was needed now and again was a vigorous pull of the rudder."

He had a hundred curious adventures. It once happened that, having been obliged to camp out on the shore of the extreme South of America, he was assailed by savages. In the day Slocum repulsed them by firing his gun, setting dummies on board so as to suggest a numerous crew; but the night attacks were more perilous. At last he found a remedy, strewing all round his entrenchment sharp nails which sent the savages limping away, howling.

Another time, as he landed on a small island during a wild tempest, he was considerably astonished to see that the inhabitants fled at his approach with yells of terror. The English

MR. FORD BUYS A ROCKET

MR. HENRY FORD, who makes motor-cars, joins hands across a hundred years with George Stephenson, who set the steam-locomotive racing down the century; and Mr. Ford has chosen a splendid way of paying homage to his spiritual ancestor.

George Stephenson built the Rocket in 1829. Some of us have seen and admired that wonderful old warrior of the line. Mr. Henry Ford has now had one made for America.

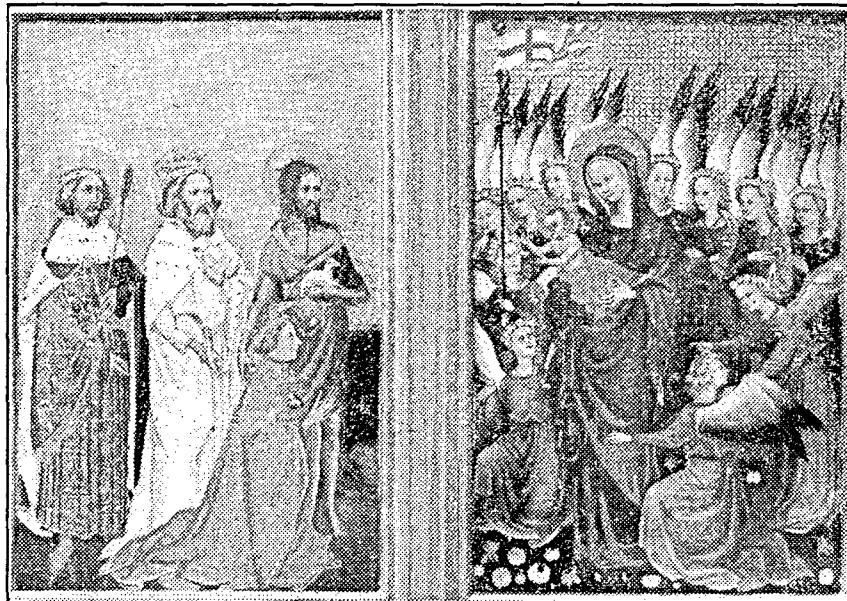
To the Robert Stephenson Company of Darlington, the very firm which a hundred years ago built the Rocket for Geordie, Mr. Ford gave an order to build for him an exact duplicate of it. It is not a mere model, but to its uttermost screw and rivet is an absolutely faithful copy of the engine built in 1829.

Now that he has got this prize the man who in our time has sent millions of motor-cars speeding along the roadways of the world, and who looks forward to a day when every man, woman, and child will drive their own engines, is to set up Stephenson's first machine on rails, where it will be set going.

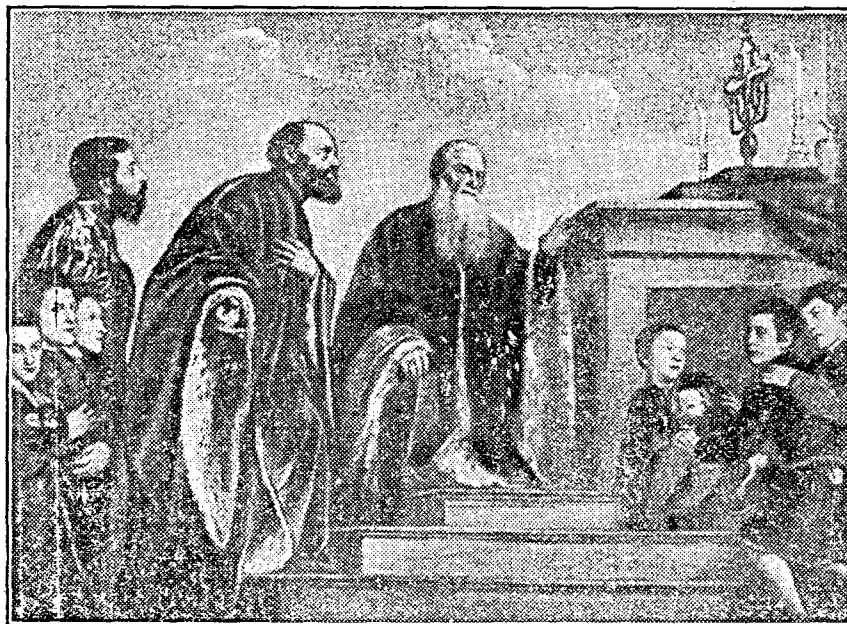
It will not run as fast or as far as the feeblest of the Ford cars, but Henry Ford, a modest man though an ambitious dreamer, will say to himself, as he looks on the Rocket, that if it had not been for the man who made it there might never have been a car to carry on the race.

The race in locomotives and in motor-cars is to the swift, and in this race through space George Stephenson and Henry Ford, a century apart, are both kings and conquerors.

TREASURES FOR THE NATION



The double picture known as the Wilton Diptych



A family group painted by Titian

Two beautiful old pictures have just been acquired for the National Gallery. The Diptych, or double picture, was bought from the Earl of Pembroke for £90,000 and the Titian, from the Duke of Northumberland's collection, cost £122,000. Half the money is being provided by a Parliamentary grant and the other half by generous donors. See page 11.

Continued from the previous column

Governor gave him the key to the mystery. The previous day a clergyman had preached a vehement sermon to his flock about the coming of Anti-Christ, so on seeing the next day an unknown little ship with all its sails set, manned by a single individual, the poor creatures had fled, crying out: "Anti-Christ, Anti-Christ!"

Slocum had hardly regained his country when he set to work to mend the Spray in order to go off on a new expedition, but from that journey he never returned. Like Alain Gerbault, he was not able to resist the fascination of the great solitude of the sea. Was

it wisdom or folly? Who can say? Without doubt such men derive immense enjoyment from the silence and meditation which we, in our lives of change and movement, never know.

SHAKING HANDS

However much one admires a man, it is not kind to expect him to shake hands with hundreds of people daily.

Yet President Hoover had to do this when he first entered office. Now he is finding, the strain excessive, and hand-shaking, which until recently was limited to Mondays and Thursdays, is to be exchanged on Wednesdays only.

WIMBLEDON IS HERE AGAIN THE TENNIS LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Players of the World Meet on
the Famous Court

TOURNAMENT OF YOUTH

Once again the famous and familiar scene has come round at Wimbledon.

None who has ever seen it forget it, even if time and chance take them to the farthest corners of the world. They see again the green carpet of the Centre Court with two or four white-clad players flitting back and forth within the chalk lines. They hear the hollow crack of the racket against the flying ball; and the umpire, like Fate, calling the score.

They see the banked thousands of spectators, their heads moving like metronomes as they follow the flight of the ball. They hear the hush during the rally broken by the wave of applause at its close.

World Meeting-Place

That is Wimbledon, Wimbledon with the white clouds sailing overhead in the blue, or Wimbledon with a phalanx of umbrellas waiting for the rain to stop; but always a place of high festival, which used to be English alone, but is now the meeting-place of the athletic youth of the world.

Wimbledon belongs to more of the world every year, and every year Wimbledon grows younger. There are 24 nations here and more than 220 players. We were about to say more than 200 young people, for the older ones are beginning to think Wimbledon is too young for them. Even the great Tilden at the age of 36 declares that he is a Patriarch and that this is his last year. We hope he is mistaken.

Likely Champions

But the others—how young some of them are! Ladies first. There is Miss Helen Wills, a champion all the world over in her early twenties; Senorita d'Alvarez of Spain, no older; and many another younger. Miss Betty Nuthall is not yet twenty, and Miss Helen Jacobs from America and Fraulein Cilly Aussem of Germany keep her company. Miss Heine of South Africa is still a girl, and so is Miss Eileen Bennett, and Miss Kea Bouman of Holland, still young enough to play better. Every one of these has been spoken of as likely to be a champion when she is a little older.

Certain it is that each of them will be one of the heroines to appear this week or next on that hallowed Centre Court.

The Frenchmen who intend to keep the championship there are young people, if not so young as the ladies, and nobody would believe that the indiarubber Borotra or the boyish Cochet had any years to weigh them down.

The Foreign Legion

Young men who are almost boys, beginning with youngsters like our own Bunny Austin or America's young Coen, will be striving for a duel with the Frenchmen. In the ranks that press on with them or behind them are players like de Marpurgo of Italy, de Kehrling of Hungary, Ohta of Japan, Raymond of South Africa, Prens and Modlenhauer of Germany.

The Foreign Legion is not even yet exhausted. There are Aeschliman of Switzerland, Crocker of Canada, Grandguillot of Egypt, Kozeluh of Czechoslovakia, Lacroix of Belgium, Ostburg of Sweden, Timmer of Holland, Ulrich of Denmark, Efstratiades of Greece, Mishu of Rumania, Fyzee and Hadi of India, as well as others to support them from these countries; and there are the cohorts of the United States and Britain.

Did we not say it was a tournament of the world? We are inclined to think it is a very good miniature of what a League of Nations ought to be.

RICHES COME TOO LATE

TIME AND RICHARD WILSON

A Royal Academy Memory of its Old Librarian

GENIUS AND STARVATION

Prices have been running very high at a sale of Richard Wilson's pictures, which are said to be among the best of British art investments today.

It has taken nearly two centuries to recognise their genius and value, but they rank their creator with the chief sons of art in our islands. He is avenged in the only way that an artist, neglected and scorned in his own day, would be avenged; posterity is paying him the honour and reverence denied during his lifetime.

Burned Stick as a Crayon

He was poor, he was unpopular, neglected, ridiculed, yet he knew his gifts; he knew the time would come when the pictures which only pawnbrokers would take from him would be eagerly competed for. He prophesied his future fame and did not exaggerate it.

Wilson was of good old Welsh stock, but his artistic faculty was beyond explanation, no other member of his family showing the least inclination to it. A burned stick as a crayon and a bare wall as a canvas served him as they have served a host of other clever men; and at last he reached London and found an art master.

That master was an obscure nobody who drew out the lad's gift for portraiture and enabled him to earn a scanty living by painting likenesses. But when the youth at last managed to reach Italy his delight in the scene lying before his window led him to the discovery that his true bent was for landscape.

A Humble Post

Returning to London, Wilson helped to establish the Royal Academy and secured a humble post as librarian of the new establishment. But success, in the financial sense, he could never gain by his brush.

He saw the works of men whom he knew to be mere botchers hoisted into spurious fame and their authors raised to affluence while his own landscapes could find no market. He sank into poverty until he was glad to sell a picture for a meal. At last a pawnbroker to whom he was wont to take his unsaleable works met him with sad news. "Look into this room," he said: "there are all the pictures I have had from you during the last three years; not one have I been able to sell."

His Last Days

When a young admirer, himself an artist, took a wealthy lady to Wilson's garret, and induced her to order two pictures from him, Wilson, as she left the room, said with tears in his eyes: "My dear friend, it is good of you to have done this for me, but the truth is that I have not got money enough to buy materials for the pictures." The young man placed £20 in the hands of his impoverished hero, and turned away sorrowfully. "If Wilson, with all his genius starves (said he to himself), what will become of me?" He went home, burned his paints and brushes, and changed his profession.

Grown old, and saved from starvation only by his salary as librarian, Wilson sank low indeed. Just at the end a small estate came to him in Wales, and there he passed his last days, unknown but secure, proudly confident that one day the Sun would rise upon his fame and that the nation that had spurned him would do justice to his talents.

The time has come, and Richard Wilson's pictures are having their day at last.

THE MONGREL IN THE FARMYARD

Wonderful Work of an Unknown Dog

A TRUE TALE FROM THE MOORS

Never was there a time when dogs of high degree were more highly thought of than they are today.

They are bought and sold for much money. They are cared for quite anxiously. They are pampered by people who do not understand them. They are made to live unnatural dog lives. They are bored by attending many shows until they get used to it.

Many of them are indeed beautiful creatures when regarded as specimens, yet everyone who knows dogs well is aware that the lowly mongrel, of no breed in particular, is often as clever as the best-bred dog, or even cleverer. His manners may not be so well ordered, but he is as sharp as his betters, knows more of the world, and is equally faithful to his human friends. Here is an instance vouched for by a reader of the C.N.

A Wanderer From Nowhere

A mongrel wandered into a moorland farmyard, liked the place, and decided to stay. He had evidently been a wanderer, for he had no preference for any name. He answered to anything you liked to call him. So different people about the farm called him different names, and he acknowledged them all. Very soon he understood the ways of trained dogs with sheep.

Severe weather in that moorland district made it often necessary to bring in the sheep, for snow fell frequently and deep. It was anxious and tiring work. The mongrel did his share of it. At last there came a threatening snowfall which promised to be dangerous alike to man and sheep, and all hastened to clothe themselves for the work of rescue. They had not yet left the farmyard when a barking was heard, and, going out, they found that the mongrel had anticipated what was needed, and of his own accord had rounded up the sheep and brought them in. Afterwards he did this often when sent.

Every moorland farmer remembers the clever dogs he has had, but this farmer gives the first place to the nameless mongrel who wandered in from nowhere, answered to any name, and picked up the main business as if through sheer sharpness.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The new Aquarium at Brighton is attracting large numbers of visitors.

Death of General Booth

We much regret to announce that General Bramwell Booth, until not long ago head of the Salvation Army, has passed away after a life full of sacrifice and service for the poor.

The Cost of the Litter Lout

Earl Fitzwilliam has closed Edlington Woods, a Yorkshire beauty spot, owing to damage done by picnickers.

Caligula's Galley

A bronze head of a wolf, with a ring between its teeth, has been recovered from Caligula's galley in Lake Nemi.

A Prime Minister's Gift

The Prime Minister of Greece has given £30 to the Dogs' Home opened by the newly-founded Greek Society for the Protection of Animals.

Good Turn to Scouts

Sufficient money has been subscribed by prominent Canadian citizens to enable two troops of Canadian Scouts to attend the Jamboree at Birkenhead without any expense to themselves.

Honour Where it is Due

James Lyons, engineman; Janet Edwards, farm servant; Samuel Walters, stallman; and George Johnstone, miner, have been awarded Certificates of Honour for gallantry in saving life.

ONE MORE DISPUTE ENDED

British Government and the I.L.O.

8-HOUR-DAY CONVENTION TO BE SIGNED

It is almost ten years now since the first General Conference of the International Labour Organisation, held at Washington, threshed out a Convention for limiting the hours of work in industry to eight a day and 48 a week.

In Britain very few industries worked longer than that even then, yet it is a British Government that has held up the adoption of the Convention ever since. Now the new Government announces that it will be ratified at once, and it is expected that most other countries will follow.

The arguments used for and against ratification through all these years of hesitation have been bewildering. They have centred mainly upon a number of clauses in the Convention applying the eight hours rule in detail and providing for various exceptions to it. Of late years, at any rate, neither side seems to have contended that eight hours was not long enough for anyone to work, but the trouble was that different countries were interpreting the rules and exceptions in different ways.

Differences of Interpretation

Opponents of ratification declared that those in other countries, interpreting the Convention in their way, would have their people working longer than people in this country, which would give them an unfair advantage in the struggle for the markets of the world. Supporters of the Convention, on the other hand, argued that in any international agreement of the kind such differences of interpretation were inevitable and that they were not sufficiently important to warrant the holding up of the Convention.

As Dr. Johnson said, nothing would ever be done in this world if all the objections had to be removed first, and the Government has declared its intention to make the best of the Convention as it stands.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GREAT PROBLEM

The White Race and the Native

South Africa, like Britain, has been having a General Election, and it has confirmed the authority of the existing Government by an increased majority.

Unfortunately the division of parties is now much more on racial lines than it was before, as between Boer and Briton. Many Dutch farmers, formerly followers of the great Boer leader General Botha, have deserted his successor, General Smuts, head of the South Africa Party, for the Nationalists under General Hertzog, and the Nationalists are now so strong that they may be able to do without the Labour Party (formed mainly of British working-men), some of whose members have hitherto formed part of General Hertzog's Government.

What made allies of the Boer Nationalist farmers and the British Labour men was their common desire to prevent the natives from obtaining political power. It is in his attempt to secure better treatment for the natives that General Smuts has met with defeat. He urged that the whole question of their relations to the white man should be threshed out thoroughly by a commission instead of being made the subject of an election fight.

Some people hope General Hertzog may yet be willing to do this. They think he must be anxious to secure agreement on this terribly difficult question, and that it will be easier for him to be reasonable after his victory than it was before. We shall see.

COPPER FOR THE ELECTRICAL AGE

Civilisation Along the Old Slave Route

AFRICA'S NEW RAILWAY RUNNING

In the heart of Africa Prince Arthur of Connaught and other important people, Portuguese and British, have just seen opened the railway which is to bring to the countries of Europe one of Africa's most precious metals.

It is the railway described in the C.N. the other day, running from Benguela on the west coast to Katanga. At Katanga are the mines, and the metal is copper. Gold may be precious, but the world could do without it; copper becomes more necessary every year. Every electrical machine that is built, every electric cable set up, needs copper, more copper, and then more still. The only metal to compare with it is tin, which is found in Nigeria, also in Africa.

An Adventurous Story

The new railway and the men who built it, of whom Sir Robert Williams is the chief, must have the credit for bringing this precious metal nearly 3000 miles nearer than it was before to the ports and manufactories of Europe.

The railway has been built in circumstances of danger, hardship, and discouragement which make a story in themselves. It has taken nearly as many years to build as it would have taken months in a civilised country. It has been driven through forest, bush, and jungle. It goes along the old slave caravan route.

It is interesting to know that the building of the railway has benefited British workshops to the extent of about nine million pounds, and at the same time to remember that the need of it was first seen by a Briton.

SEARCHING FOR ZERO

The Last Degree of Cold

By a Scientific Correspondent

Attempts are still being made to get to a temperature so cold that there is no heat at all.

Year after year scientific men continue their experiments with the most complicated apparatus at Cambridge, Toronto, and in the wonderful laboratory built up by the late Professor Onnes at Leyden.

Professor Keesom is in charge of the work at Leyden now, and during last month he was able three times to reach a temperature just four-fifths of a degree above absolute zero.

All kinds of fascinating things may happen when absolute zero is reached, or nothing may happen at all! It is by no means certain that it ever will be reached, but immense labour and great sums of money continue to be spent on getting just hundredths of this last degree lower.

Probably the greater part of the work is to invent new kinds of thermometers which will record accurately these terribly cold temperatures. It is difficult enough to measure a hundredth of a degree with absolute precision at moderate temperatures, but a thing of extraordinary difficulty to measure such fractions when within a degree of the absolute zero.

THE LITTERER ON WHEELS

We commend this note to all whom it may concern in London and all other cities.

Quite recently on a breezy day in the City I saw an open dust cart from which filthy dust and paper were being blown about a busy street. I came out to the suburbs and saw exactly the same thing. In one street for 200 yards dust and dirty paper were being blown about from an uncovered cart. The Vicar of Southgate.

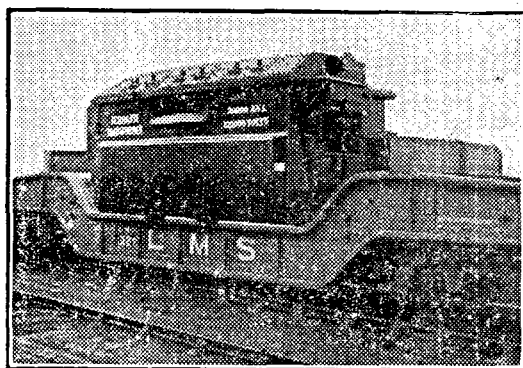
NEW WAY OF MAKING ROADS • CUTTING UP A SHIP • ADMIRAL BUBBLES



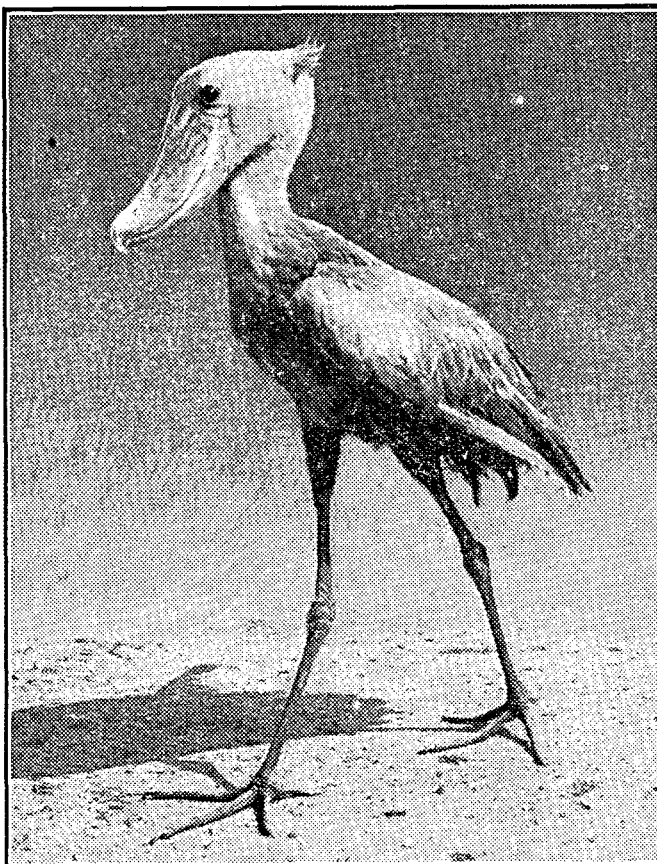
Horse-Power—This beautiful picture of farm horses going to work was taken at Wharfedale. It is a sight that will cause most people to regret the coming of motor-tractors.



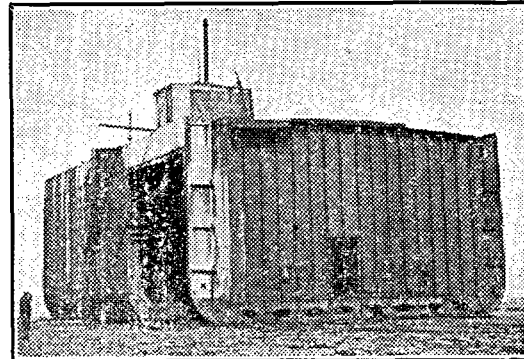
New Way of Making Roads—A road at Grimsby is being made with ground silica rock spread out and rolled until it is hard. It is said to last longer than any other surface.



Something Like a Transformer—Boys who use little transformers in building wireless sets will be interested in this gigantic specimen, which weighs 78 tons. It is here seen on its way from Manchester to Scotland.



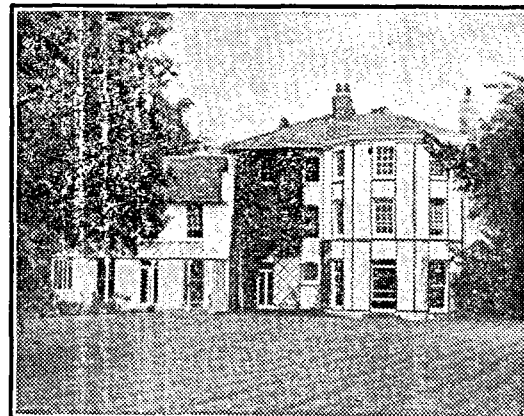
A Big Bill—This strange member of the stork family was captured in the swamps of the Upper Nile, and is now in Hagenbeck's famous zoo at Stellingen, near Hamburg. Its huge head is out of all proportion to the rest of its body.



Cutting Up a Ship—This picture shows all that is left of the Djerissa, which was wrecked on the Northumberland coast at Cresswell. The bow and stern have been cut away with oxy-acetylene and explosives.



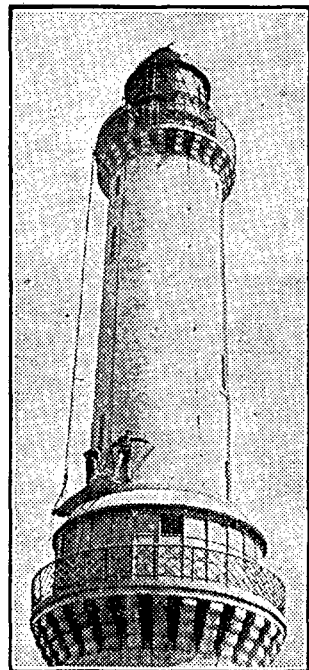
Little Gardeners of Bethnal Green—Seventy garden plots have been provided for children in Bethnal Green near St. Jude's Church, and there never were more enthusiastic gardeners than the boys seen here. See page 14.



Darwin's Home—The house at Downe in Kent in which Charles Darwin lived for 40 years has been given to the nation by Mr. Buckstone Browne. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir Arthur Keith.



Admiral Bubbles—The little boy who was the original of the famous picture by Millais is now Admiral James of the Royal Navy. He was in the Battle of Jutland. On the right is a recent picture of him taken while he was enjoying a game of golf.



A Lofly Perch—These men are repainting the Girdleness Lighthouse at Aberdeen. They have to work on a swinging platform.



Growing Up—This little girl wishes her pet lamb would not grow up, for, as the picture shows, he has become a big armful, and will soon be too heavy for her to carry.

SILVER JUBILEE OF A FRIEND

25 YEARS OF BEAUTIFUL
THINGS

The Great Work of the
National Art Collections Fund
THE UNKNOWN LADY

Twenty-five years ago a little society was started in trembling fear and a great hope. It had an awkward name: the National Art Collections Fund.

It lived in one room in Westminster and had very little money. In fact, it had none at all until a kind lady wrote to the secretary and said "You will want a little money for printing and stamps, and so on. I am sending you £200." That was the beginning.

A Helpful Agreement

Another small society joined the new one. This had been called the Friends of the British Museum. The two small societies agreed to work together under the one name.

The idea behind the organisation was that someone should be there to stand by when we were in trouble about our pictures and carvings and manuscripts leaving England for ever and when some beautiful thing was on the market and there was no one to see that England bought it. For instance, there had been the sad case of Whistler's Portrait of the Artist's Mother. England could have had it for a song. No one bothered. The Luxembourg jumped at it, and now counts that picture as one of its chief treasures.

Generally speaking, everybody's job was nobody's job. The National Art Collections Fund took over nobody's job and now, after 25 years of work, we feel that we owe the society a huge debt of gratitude. They have enriched our national collections with manuscripts, pottery, coins, statuettes, sculpture, paintings, etchings—a vast array.

World-Famous Pictures

Among these are world-famous pictures such as the Venus of Velasquez and Holbein's Duchess of Milan, whose romantic story was told in the C.N. not long ago. It was this society that purchased Rodin's Burghers of Calais, and set it up in the gardens under the shadow of the Victoria Tower. They were able also to prevent the Adoration of the Magi by Mabuse from going to America.

In fact, to read the record of the purchases made by, or at the suggestion of, the National Art Collections Fund is like reading the catalogue of a great gallery or museum. The long list can become wearisome. It is good to remember that each item in itself would make a story of the years of its production, and its wanderings in the world, and the admiration bestowed on it, and its final resting-place in the museum of a nation which is still sensitive to beautiful things.

A Delightful Gift

The National Art Collections Fund had from the start the support of a few fine public-spirited men. As time went on funds came in, presents from rich and poor. The society can look back on some unexpected and pleasant gifts in its 25 years. One of the most delightful was a little thank-offering for life preserved, and it came from a Mediterranean town toward the close of the war. The letter is very short; perhaps the writer knew how one's imagination would play round it.

I enclose a special donation of £6 6s. It is a votive offering, from a submarined officer. When, about 4.30 a.m. on the 13th August, 1918, after being about nine hours in the water, I saw Venus rise like a sun and shine over her own beloved Cyprus, I swore I'd send you something if ever I got picked up; and here it is.

That is one of the small treasures of the National Art Collections Fund, but

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A PACK

Carrying the Bible to the
People

1000 MILLIONS STILL
WITHOUT IT

Here is a little story from a book we have been looking at.

"While travelling recently I was benighted and put up at a small inn. I was drinking a cup of tea when in came the innkeeper, trembling from head to foot, saying 'The bandits are here!'

"I went out, got hold of the leader, led him to my room, gave him tea, and asked him questions about his family. Other bandits crowded in and to all I gave tea. I talked to them of the Jesus doctrine. Some had heard of it in Peking. He did not lie, or steal, or gamble, I said; do you agree with His teaching? They said 'Yes, certainly'; He was a good man.' Then, said I, how can you do what you are doing? They said they had no work, and must rob to live. I talked to them till bedtime, and sent them off with copies of the Gospels."

A Frenchwoman's Testimony

That is the kind of adventure you have if you are distributing books for the National Bible Society of Scotland, and that is why its annual report makes such lively reading. It is like a gazetteer, showing you all the countries of the world, and in each one men or women plodding about with Bibles in their pack.

"Why do you sell these books?" a Frenchwoman was asked in Rouen.

"Madame (she replied), they tell the life of Jesus. If everyone had Jesus in their hearts there would be no need for prisons and gendarmes."

One man works on the borders of Bolshevik Russia. He would be arrested if he crossed over and sold Bibles, but he stands on the Latvian side of a narrow stream and a Russian crowd stands wistfully on the other listening to his sermon and joining in the hymns.

A Sorcerer Won Over

In Central Africa the Bible wins over a Sorcerer, who brings all his jugglery implements to be burned, though some are of gold.

In Formosa, an island half the size of Scotland, Bible men are distributing books to the 5000 lepers of the tiny land.

In China they are converting bandits and brutal soldiers, and informing delighted people that you can pray to God anywhere—there is no need to make a journey to a special building!

And so it goes on, in every corner of the globe, and so it must go on, for there are still one thousand million human beings who have no Bible.

Continued from the previous column

it is in no way a mean one. The Fund has another treasure, quite new, for it has produced a volume to celebrate its Silver Jubilee.

It is a truly splendid volume, rich with its own story and with its reproductions of the works it has saved for us all. We congratulate Mr. D. S. MacColl, the editor of the book; Sir Robert Witt, the chairman of the Fund; and all who have been concerned in the production of this memorial volume. Let us end here on that note so characteristic of the spirit of this Fund and all who support it, the Dedication of the volume to the unknown benefactor who enabled the Fund to save the Duchess of Milan for the nation. We have told that great story already in these columns; here the Fund pays its tribute to our anonymous benefactor in these rare and gracious words:

TO A LADY UNKNOWN

Secret she rests, hid in the house of Fame,
Who gave, withholding nothing but her name.

THE FRIEND OF LONELY FOLK

By a Listener-In

We gladly find room for these notes from a good friend who lives in a lonely place.

I touch the switch, and in walks the best of friends. He stays for my pleasure, goes at my bidding, and returns at my call.

A real friend, typically British too. He tells all about the weather and sport. Are you a farmer? He has a good word for you. A housewife? He knows everything about food prices.

There follows a sedative on the foundations of music, or a cheery note on the gramophone, and his great moment has arrived—a talk (good traveller's yarns sometimes), a symphony concert, male-voice singing, and vaudeville.

Something for Everybody

Of science, too, he discourses freely. Would you fly an aeroplane? He tells how it is done. Make glass bottles? He knows all about it. A dog's reasoning powers? He knows all about them. But food reform sees him at his best. Vitamins, conditional reflexes, flow like a torrent. Would you live and be well? Then mix your diet or take your proteins raw; for the baby he says milk, and more of it; while he can be heard chuckling all the time—a Puck among the Dons.

Music? Jazz, solos, opera light and heavy, songs, xylophone, he wields them all; a good melody from Gay or Purcell or Sullivan, a fairy world of melodious delight, and when he calls on Sir Walford Davies the unity of low and highbrow is completed in Beethoven. What an achievement!

Yet he is a waggish fellow, and off down the valley of ugly discords he trots with Vinsky or Osky or a young English composer! Very trying! Then may come chamber music, duller symphony, and even on Sunday some of these things. Your gorge rises and you turn him out, wondering why he does not keep them all in his musical laboratory, there to mature for the future. But here comes O'Donnell with his bright band and a good march, so he is again admitted.

Gilbert and Sullivan

He is curiously fond of mystery and ghostly plays, while awaiting a turn are old Falstaff at Gad's Hill, Twelfth Night, the witty brilliance of Benedict and Beatrice, The School for Scandal, The Rivals, and many others, besides the old musical comedies, especially Gilbert and Sullivan. Heckled on the Gilbert and Sullivan subject his replies are unconvincing. He might expect forgiveness for his highbrow music if only he would give us The Mikado and his fellows.

Alas! he's a town-bred fellow. His notions of the cuckoo's call and the blackbird's song shame one to look the birds in the face. He might drop these.

He shall wear a feather for improved vaudeville, but his poetry is duller even than his symphonies.

Still, with all his faults, I love him, and so to bed with a "Good-night, everybody, Good-night!"

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Three paintings by Botticelli . . .	£75,000
Portrait by Ghirlandaio . . .	£37,500
Painting by Lorenzo Lotto . . .	£15,500
Portrait by Rembrandt . . .	£9000
Chinese Kang-He bowl . . .	£2047
Pair of china birds . . .	£1418
2nd Folio Shakespeare . . .	£1200
1st ed. Tale of Two Cities . . .	£1180
Flemish Book of Hours . . .	£960
Mahogany writing-table . . .	£650
Ming wine jar . . .	£472
Louis XV kingwood cabinet . . .	£399.
Letter by Robert Burns . . .	£340
Early 17th-century Bible . . .	£215

A ROMAN STRONGHOLD IN EAST ANGLIA

35 Acres Where Caesar's
Men Lived

DIGGING IN NORFOLK

Excavations have been begun at Caistor, the site of a Roman town and camp near Norwich, and already very interesting finds have been made.

Operations are being carried on in the northern part of the immense area of 35 acres, and it is possible to walk round the remains of Roman houses, to see how the roads were made and paved, and to examine the ruins of the twin temples.

It is supposed that Caistor, the Venta Icenorum of the Romans, was the headquarters of Boadicea, and after the defeat of the Britons the Romans established themselves there and administered a large part of what is now Norfolk from this centre.

The Romans as Builders

It is probable there were no Roman troops at Caistor after 70 A.D. until, with the gradual decay of the Empire and invasions from across the North Sea, massive walls were erected as a defence. These walls were built about 300 A.D. They are made of flint rubble, and were originally about 12 feet thick and 20 feet high. Long stretches of them are still standing.

That the Romans had a knowledge of the dressing of flint for their buildings is evident from the fact that most of the walls show a smooth face of flints which have been skilfully split.

The Roman roadways of this East Anglian town were repaired with gravel, and in one case seven repairs can be counted in the section which has been dug through the road. The buildings and outer walls must have required a tremendous quantity of flint, and this was doubtless quarried from some deposit, possibly the chalk, in the neighbourhood of Caistor.

Central Heating

The houses, which were fitted with a kind of central heating, had walls of flint rubble about two feet thick, with damp-courses of tile. No doubt the Romans found the East Anglian climate inclement, and the site at Caistor, which is very exposed, must have experienced at times extremely severe weather conditions.

No great quantity of relics has yet been discovered, but an eagle's head in bronze, a bronze chain, clay lamps, bone spoons, pins, some pottery, and coins have been unearthed, and there is every reason to expect that many other interesting specimens will be found.

FELINE CRUSOE

On a sandbank beside a high wall skirting the oily and discoloured River Irwell in the middle of Manchester a stray cat has been marooned for some time, apparently much less to its own discomfort than to the discomfort of kindly people watching it.

Various attempts have been made to rescue it, but it does not appreciate the good intentions of its human friends, and always manages to elude them. When its capture seems to be assured it does not hesitate to plunge into the unsavoury stream and swim to a drain that enters the river.

It is not tempted by food let down to it, but seems to have more welcome resources in the rats it can catch. How it reached the sandbank is a mystery, unless it sprang at a bird on the wall, missed its prey, and fell. So good a swimmer is it that escape should not be impossible, and it appears to be playing the part of a voluntary Crusoe, preferring its present, if somewhat modified, freedom to human ideas of comfort.

THE EARTH AND THE SUN

THEIR FARTHEST APART
Why We Get Warm Weather
in Summer

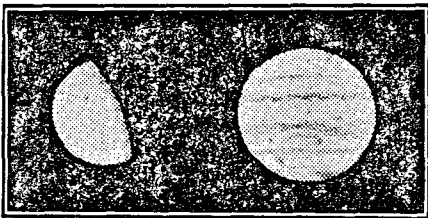
TWO PLANETS AND THE MOON

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Thursday, July 4, our world will be at its farthest point from the Sun, 94,450,000 miles away. The Sun will therefore be about 3,100,000 miles farther than he was on January 1, when at his nearest.

The Sun now appears about one-fifteenth smaller than he did then, and the Earth as a whole now receives this amount of heat and light less than it did in those winter months.

That we are enjoying so much summer warmth at the present time is due to the fact that, owing to the difference in the Earth's tilt, relative to the Sun, he shines on the British Isles for over 16½ hours out of each 24 at midsummer; whereas at midwinter we are in the Sun for only about 8 hours. Moreover, in summer he is much higher in the heavens, pouring his rays more directly down upon us, causing much



The relative sizes and appearance of Venus and Jupiter at the present time

warmer winds to blow, as a rule, and so causing the effects resulting from the Sun's being farther off to be entirely eliminated.

For, while we lose one-fifteenth of the Sun's light and heat owing to his greater distance, we gain more than twice as much through being more than twice as long in his beneficent rays.

Of course, in the Southern Hemisphere the Sun is at his nearest in the summer there, but the vast ocean areas tend to make the conditions more temperate, so that actually the greatest summer heat is experienced in the Northern Hemisphere. How nicely conditions are balanced on this most favoured planet!

In the early morning of Wednesday next, July 3, the brilliant Venus may be seen below the crescent Moon, making with Jupiter, a little way to the left, a beautiful celestial picture in the dawn. By the following morning Jupiter will be a little way below the Moon. Both these planets rise soon after two o'clock in the morning, and may be easily found in the north-east by three o'clock. Venus is much the brightest and in two weeks time will appear to pass below Jupiter; she is receding into the far distance to beyond the Sun, leaving the Earth behind.

Jupiter and a Star

Jupiter, on the other hand, is approaching us, and will be a splendid object in the autumn skies at night. He appears very much larger than Venus when seen through a telescope, although not so large and bright to the unaided eye.

In the early morning hours of July 5 and 6 Jupiter may be seen very close to the star Omega in Taurus. This star is a little brighter than fifth magnitude, and so easily visible to the naked eye on a clear, dark night. But glasses may be required to show it apart from Jupiter, for it will appear only about twelve times Jupiter's apparent width to the left of the planet on July 5, and a little farther off (but to the right of Jupiter) on July 6.

Between these times the star will have passed behind Jupiter, but this will be visible only from the other side of the Earth.

G. F. M.

A MOTHER'S MONUMENT

Hero of the Storm

A marble monument to a brave village mother has been raised at Sersale, in the part of Italy called Calabria.

There are far too many statues of men in frock coats, civil and military, and too few statues of heroes like the mother of Sersale.

She was bringing her two little boys home one evening last winter when a severe snowstorm began, the snowstorm of a mountainous countryside. They managed to reach the shelter of some thick bushes, but the children grew colder and colder. Huddling together was of no avail, so at last this noble mother took off her own clothes and wrapped them round the children.

Some hours later villagers passing that way heard a sound of crying, and, searching the bushes, discovered the children alive, and the mother a little way off, frozen to death.

Sersale is determined that her story shall never be forgotten in the days to come, and has written it on marble for the children of the future.

MUSSOLINI OBELISK

Giant Monolith On Its Way to Rome

A huge monolith (a single block of stone) has been cut out of the white marble rock above Carrara and is to be set up in the Farnese Garden in Rome as an obelisk in honour of Mussolini and to celebrate the coming of Fascism.

It is the largest marble monolith ever known, and is as tall as the tallest Egyptian obelisks (stones like Cleopatra's needle on our own Victoria Embankment). It weighs 450 tons.

It has taken eight months to move the monolith from the quarry, 2000 or 3000 feet above sea-level, to the coast eight miles away, where it has been placed on board a specially-built lighter for the perilous voyage to the mouth of the Tiber. It will have an escort of tugs, and unless the weather is fine the passage will be very difficult.

Forty teams of oxen were required for the land journey to the sea.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Who Invented Blotting Paper?

Nobody knows, but it dates back at least to the early sixteenth century, for there is a reference to it in a book of 1579 which says "Blottynge papyr serveth to drye weete wrythyngs."

Why Does a Dog Turn Round Before it Lies Down?

This habit is a survival from the days when the dog's ancestors were wild, lived on prairie lands, and turned round to smooth a bed for themselves in the long grass.

Which English Sovereign First Taxed Windows?

The window duty was first levied under William III in 1696. It was repealed but revived under George II, and finally repealed under Queen Victoria in 1851.

How Fast Does Sound Travel?

It travels at different rates through different substances. Through air at 0 degrees Centigrade its rate is 1086 feet a second. This rises with a rise in temperature, and at 15 degrees Centigrade the rate is 1116 feet a second. Through water the speed of sound is 4707 feet a second.

Which is the Correct Way of Spelling the Surname of John Wycliffe?

There is no correct way. When Wycliffe lived spelling was not fixed. A name was spelled in any way that its owner or other people cared to adopt, and so Wycliffe's name was variously spelled Wycliffe, Wycliffe, Wyclif, Wickliffe, Wycliff, and so on. The most usual way nowadays is Wycliffe, the spelling of the name of the village from which Wycliffe took his name. The Wyclif Society, however, spells it Wyclif, and in Germany Wiclif is the usual form.

A GREAT ENGLISHMAN UNDER 50

The Inspirer of the Great War Settlement

SIR JOSIAH STAMP

The new plan which has settled the thorny question of Germany's Reparation payments is called the Young Plan, after Mr. Owen Young, the American chairman of the Conference which drew it up, just as the old plan was called the Dawes Plan after the American chairman of the former Conference, who has now become the American Ambassador in London and is emerging once more into a great page of history.

But Mr. Young himself refuses to take the lion's share of the credit for the new agreement named after him. He says that the chief British representative, Sir Josiah Stamp, was the most expert of all the members of the Conference. This is what Mr. Young says of Sir Josiah Stamp.

He brought to this expert committee not only wide general knowledge and understanding, but his experience on the Dawes Committee and his careful and interested observation on the working of the Dawes Plan. It was to Sir Josiah that the committee turned from the first day to guide it in purely economic judgment, and to him it also turned to draft the report. All groups presented their views to him, and after a discussion Sir Josiah reduced them to the form in which they are now put before the public. His services cannot be over-estimated.

Handsome Testimony

That is very handsome testimony, and everyone who knows Sir Josiah Stamp knows that it must be true. He is a man of extraordinary ability and resource, one of the great Englishmen still under 50. He rose high in the Civil Service before he left it to take up service on innumerable industrial and commercial committees, directorates, and educational institutions. Now he is president of the L.M.S. Railway and a director of the Bank of England.

With it all he is a deeply religious man, and the C.N. has not the slightest doubt that the first thing he did after coming home from settling Reparations in Paris was to go to the little Methodist Chapel at Beckenham where he may be found almost any Sunday night.

OLD PICTURES FOR THE NATION

One That Chaucer May Have Looked On

A picture that Chaucer may have looked on now adorns the walls of the National Gallery.

It is a double picture, painted in two panels, known all over the world as the Wilton Diptych.

It has been bought for the nation, partly by the nation and partly by generous donors, and none can doubt that this picture ought to belong to England because it is so English.

In it is a portrait of Richard the Second, who kneels in the presence of St. Edmund, king and martyr, and Edward the Confessor. Nobody knows who painted it. It may have been some French or Bohemian or Italian painter who came to the Court. It may have been some unknown monk of genius, some Brother Angelico of an English monastery. It is certain that it was painted in England.

It was bought from the Earl of Pembroke, and at the same time a magnificent picture by Titian, The Cornaro Family, which belonged to the Duke of Northumberland, was also bought for the National Gallery in the same way.

The loss of the earl and of the duke is England's gain, and the nation may be thankful that money-rich America has not secured these masterpieces of money-poor England. Pictures on page 7



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Noises That Must Cease

PROMPT ACTION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT

The Road Hog's Last Few Weeks of Shrieking on the King's Highway

A QUIETER WORLD FROM THE FIRST OF AUGUST

THE new Government has done a splendid thing with which all good people will agree. It has carried out the promise so often made from the Home Office to put a stop to some of the terrible street noises that affect the health and happiness of millions of people.

For a long time the C.N. has been asking the Home Secretary to carry out his promise to stop the shrieks of the motor-cyclist in the street, and we are glad to know that after next month it is to be an offence for any motor-car or motor-cycle to make an unnecessary noise due to carelessness, selfishness, or faulty construction.

The action of the new Government, made through the Minister of Transport, will be welcome to all good citizens. It is a righteous blow at the small group of selfish people who make life difficult or unpleasant for most of us.

Though a few noises have been diminishing in recent years the number and violence of distracting noises have increased so greatly that health and comfort have been seriously jeopardised, and the appeal made to the Minister of Health by the British Medical Association will be very widely endorsed.

The ordinary citizen is worn more than he knows by the noises that irritate us day and night; invalids are deprived of rest and sleep; the nervous are harassed; and mental workers are upset and fatigued. From all of us needless noises exact a heavy toll of discomfort and loss.

These noises are without doubt unavoidable and unpreventable:

Some noises cannot be prevented. They belong to Nature and are beyond human control. Such are: thunder; fierce winter winds; "the scream of the maddened beach dragged down by the waves"; the bellows of horned beasts; the doleful cries of owls and other night birds; the thunderous passage of trains; and perhaps the clomp-clomp of horses' shoes on the paving stones of towns—coming, passing, going, in the night—though it is a much decreased enemy of sleep since the motor-car superseded the cab and the hansom.

Noises that should be kept at a distance from dwellings or reserved for daytime:

Battering industries, such as boiler riveting; the shriek of wood-sawing machinery; the shunting of goods wagons, with their long-drawn-out bump-bump-bumping, interspersed with staccato whistling of engines; and the pandemonium of blaring sounds, mechanical organs, megaphones, and drummings from fair grounds. All these fair sounds might well be stopped as quite unnecessary, and as making a claim for hideous sound as an attraction.

The pneumatic road drill, the most devastating of all sounds, should be confined to the daytime.

Obtrusive noises that should be banned, or regulated, or toned down:

The Motor-Cycle. The machine-gun explosions of the open-exhaust of the motor-cycle, heard for miles around. Even the rat-tat-tat of its ordinary ignition is unnecessary and could be reduced to a motor-car silence. The blatant noise of its exhaust is brutal and entirely selfish.

The Motor-Horn. All motor-car warnings by shrieking sirens and competing bulb-sounds should be banned. The whole scheme of using sounds as warnings was a mistake. It led to the idea

that when the bulb had been pressed the driver's work had been done; then others must look out for themselves and make way. The sounding of the horn was a sufficient Open Sesame. So the horn became a begetter of danger, and now it is an intolerable nuisance. It is such a nuisance that it has roused the world against noise. We begin to count the cost of other noises as well as the exhaust explosion and the motor-car horn. What are they?

Loud Speakers and Gramophones. Why should anyone who likes to make a row with his own indoor machinery inflict the row upon all other people throughout his immediate neighbourhood? Ought he not to shut himself in and consume his own noise?

Racing Machines. Why should people who wish to travel on the public roads, through the water, or through the air at great speeds, be allowed to deafen quiet people living near a racing track, or throughout the whole of a lovely Lakeland valley, or threaten their roofs with the menacing hum of an aeroplane propeller? It is the responsibility of the plain, quiet man to see that these intrusive noises shall not possess the Earth.

Lumbering Industry. The railway achieves speed with the sound of a whirlwind, but it does it at least on its own private track. It does not, like the lumbering lorry, rush a shattering weight along the common highway while the houses alongside tremble and the roads resound.

Squealing Carts. But speed is not essential to excruciating noise. There is, in all hilly places, the liability to the squealing brake of the slow-moving horse-drawn cart. No sound is more torturing. Nor is any sound more deliberately provocative, for there are appliances that will absolutely prevent that torture.

Buzzers. Has not the time come when the steam buzzers should be reconsidered as a means of proclaiming the hours of work and rest in factories and works? The right time of day (thanks to wireless) is now the best-known bit of knowledge, and there are better ways of announcing the time of changes where work is done than through the husky voices of a variety of buzzers, each heard a mile or more away.

Church Bells are entrenched behind age-long sentiment, but there are parts of many a town where they cause positive suffering.

Barking of Dogs is one of the intrusions on quietude and sleep that ought to be suppressed. It can be suppressed. The dog is an intelligent creature, and can be taught when it must be silent.

Street Noises. There is the whole orchestra of street noises, most of which are entirely unnecessary, and some of which exist partly because they are objectionable, as with the street-singers and organ-grinders who perform in order that they may be paid to go away. The milkman, the coalman, the cat's-meat man, and the muffin-bell man claim the quaintness of their cries as an excuse, and fruit and fish are perishable things that must be got rid of quickly at variable times; but street noises that have no vestige of excuse are the rowdy cries and songs and whistlings of nightly strollers homeward, who seem to feel a joy in disturbing the rest of all who have not had "a night out." But even they might perhaps be influenced if the movement against harmful noise received general support.

THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 1 The Great Decision

CLIVE WINSLOW looked at the letters lying on his cousin's plate and grunted. "Two for you, Bruce," he complained, "and not a thing for me."

Big Bruce Lyndall looked up with a twinkle in his grey eyes.

"Don't be an ass, Clive. Here, read Mother Morell while I see what Dad's got to say."

The long table was packed with the boys of Overton School, all busy with their breakfast and talking sixteen to the dozen. It was only two days to the end of the summer term, and everyone was wildly excited at the idea of getting home for the long eight weeks' vacation. Bruce, by reason of being a dormitory captain, sat at the head of the table, and Clive next him, so they were able to read their letters in peace.

Bruce's letter bore a Canadian stamp, and the contents interested him so much that he failed to notice the queer look which spread across Clive's thin, clever face as he read the other letter. Presently Clive looked at Bruce and seemed on the point of speaking. Then he changed his mind, folded the letter, put it back in its envelope, and started quietly on his bacon and bread-and-butter. But if Bruce had been watching him, which he was not, he would have seen that Clive was not eating with much appetite.

At last Bruce finished his letter. "Lots of news, Clive," he said in his deep voice. "And Dad's sent two fivers, one for me, the other from Uncle Quentin for you. We shall be able to do ourselves proud these hols." He broke off. "Hullo! what's up?"

"Tell you afterwards," said Clive in his quiet way, and Bruce merely nodded.

The two cousins understood one another remarkably well. Both finished their food as quickly as possible and went out together. They made straight for the small study they shared, and nothing was said until Clive had closed the door. Then he looked Bruce straight in the face.

"Masters is dead," he said.

Bruce's big, powerful frame stiffened.

"Dead!" he repeated. "Yes; Mrs. Morell says he had a heart attack on Monday and died quite suddenly. Read it."

Bruce took the letter and glanced through it thoughtfully.

"This is a nice mess-up, Clive! To be quite honest, I'm not thinking of the poor old boy; for, after all, he didn't enjoy life much, and I daresay he's glad to get out of it. But it's left us in a hole."

Clive nodded.

"I see what you mean. We can't go back to Chilton. Mrs. Morell says the house will be sold. I suppose it means we shall have to stick here for the holidays."

Bruce's lips tightened.

"I'm not going to do that," he said flatly.

"There's no choice, old man. Even if we cabled to our people we shouldn't hear for ages. It takes two weeks for a letter to reach Last Chance from railhead. The holidays would be half over before we could hear."

"I know that as well as you do," said Bruce. "We must push along on our own."

Clive stared.

"You mean, go out to Canada?"

"That's the notion," replied Bruce calmly.

"But how are we to get the money? We should want about fifty pounds, and the Head will never run to that."

Bruce grinned.

"I'd like to see his face if I asked for it. No, we won't say a word to Doodle. Why should we? We've got this ten pounds and about five more saved up; that's fifteen. Then there's all our stuff at Chilton—tackle and golf clubs and the rest. My notion is to sell what we don't want. We ought to get twenty pounds easily. Thirty-five pounds will be plenty to get us across steerage, and pay our rail fare the other end."

Clive's eyes widened as he listened. He was a slim youngster, much more lightly built than his big, muscular cousin, but much more highly strung. He had more brains than Bruce, and beat him easily in class, but Bruce had a way of going straight to the heart of things which sometimes made Clive gasp.

There was a twinkle in Bruce's eyes as he watched his cousin.

"Any objections, Clive?" he asked.

"A lot," said Clive gravely. "Even if we do get enough money to reach railhead at Tequam we don't know the way from there to Last Chance."

"We'll find that easily enough."

"Suppose we do, that trip alone takes a fortnight. By the time we get to Last Chance half the hols. will be gone, and we shall have to turn straight back if we want to be here in time for next term."

"We don't," Bruce answered. "I don't, anyhow. I wrote to Dad weeks ago that I wanted to leave at the end of next term, and he said I could if I liked. One term doesn't make much odds, does it?"

"N-no, I suppose not," agreed Clive. "And, of course, if you leave I shall. All the same, I'm rather wondering what your dad and mine will say when we turn up at Last Chance."

"That's the last thing you need worry about," said Bruce promptly. "They'll be glad to see us."

"Why?"

"Because they're in a hole of some kind. No—as he saw the anxious look on Clive's face—"Dad doesn't say it in so many words, but I know from his letter there's something wrong."

Clive's lips tightened. "All right," he said quickly; "I'm with you."

CHAPTER 2 Left in the Lurch

THE late Michael Masters had been the Lyndalls' family solicitor, and when Mr. John Lyndall and his cousin Quentin Winslow had plunged into the wilds of Northern Ontario to work the gold-mine which John Lyndall had discovered he had taken charge of their sons.

Masters was a grim old man, not the sort to make friends with a couple of school-boys; but Redlands, his house at Chilton, was in open country, with plenty of fishing and boating, so that Bruce and Clive had managed to amuse themselves pretty well in the holidays.

They had also done very well at Overton School, where they had been for nearly four years; but for all that they never ceased longing to get back to Canada, where they had been born. In all those four years they had only once seen their fathers, who had each been over for a short visit. Perhaps because they had lost their mothers when they were very small they were both devoted to their fathers. The two were tremendous chums, more like brothers than cousins.

Once they had made up their minds to go to Canada their only fear was that Doodle, as they affectionately called Dr. Macdonald, might get wind of their plan and stop them. But evidently the Head had no suspicions, for he handed them over their tickets for Chilton and wished them good-bye as he had done every other term.

Chilton was a long way from Overton, and it was nearly tea-time when they reached it. They left their luggage at the station and walked, each carrying a handbag. When they reached the house the blinds were down and the place had a gloomy, deserted air. The front door was locked, and at first there was no answer to their ring. At last they heard someone unbarring the door and both got a shock when, instead of Mrs. Morell, a large, sour-faced, unshaven man looked out.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"Where's Mrs. Morell?" asked Bruce.

"She don't live here," returned the other.

"Of course she lives here," retorted Bruce. "She's Mr. Master's housekeeper."

"He's dead, and she's left," was the curt answer.

"Where's she gone?" inquired Bruce.

"I don't know and I don't care. And I don't want you boys bothering me."

He tried to shut the door, but Bruce pushed in.

"Steady on," he said. "We lived with Mr. Masters and we've come for our things."

"I don't know anything about your things," replied the man doggedly. "I'm put here by Mr. Claude Masters to see nothing is taken from the house. If you want anything you must get a written order from him."

"Claude Masters!" exclaimed Bruce.

"That's old Mr. Masters' nephew? Where is he?"

"In London," replied the caretaker. And then he suddenly gave Bruce a sharp push and slammed the door in his face.

Bruce was furious, but Clive caught him by the arm.

"It's no use making a fuss," he said in his quiet, sensible way. "The man's got

Continued on the next page

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the law on his side and we must get the order before we can touch our stuff. Best thing we can do is to find Mrs. Morell. Let's go and see old Sladen at the Swan."

Bruce allowed himself to be persuaded and they went off to the little hotel, where George Sladen received them kindly and offered to put them up. But the news he gave them was bad. Mrs. Morell had left for her old home in Westmorland, and he did not know the address of Claude Masters.

"Sounds healthy," said Bruce bitterly as he and Clive sat together in the stuffy little parlour after supper. "It may take a week to find this Claude person, and by that time we shall have spent all our cash."

"I vote we go straight to Liverpool."

"What's the use?" asked Bruce despondently. "Even a steerage ticket costs ten pounds."

Clive remained calm. "Carruthers lives in Liverpool," he said, and Bruce fairly jumped. "I'd clean forgotten that! And his dad owns ships. You mean we might get a cheap passage?"

"No; but a chance to work our passage."

"A jolly good notion," agreed Bruce. "We'll be off first thing in the morning."

They caught an early train, got to Lime Street Station about eleven, and, leaving their things in the cloak-room, made their way to Sefton Park, where their school friend Geoffrey Carruthers lived.

"Give old Geoff a bit of a shock when he sees us," chuckled Bruce as he rang the bell.

The door was opened by a butler, who looked at the two boys in some surprise. "We are from Overton School," Clive explained. "We want to see Mr. Geoffrey Carruthers."

"He's not at home, sir," replied the man.

"Not at home! When will he be in?"

"Not for some weeks, sir. The family left for Scotland last evening." Then, seeing the dismay on Clive's face, "Is there anything I can do?" he asked kindly. "Any message I could send on?"

Clive pulled himself together. "Thanks, but I'm afraid not. Come on, Bruce."

"Now we're properly in the soup," said Bruce grimly as they reached the road; but Clive refused to be discouraged. "There's still a chance we might pick up a job. Let's go to the docks and look round. A lot of ships sail tomorrow."

Continued in the last column

JACKO ON THE WATCH

MOTHER JACKO was having trouble with the kitchen chimney. Adolphus suggested that it wanted cleaning.

"It does not," said his mother. "The sweep was here not a month ago."

"Very likely," agreed Adolphus, "but he couldn't have swept it properly."

Mother Jacko looked thoughtful. "Now I come to think of it," she admitted, "I didn't watch, as I generally do, to see the broom out." She turned on Jacko so suddenly that he jumped. "Go you round to Mr. Blackie," she said, "and my compliments, and will he please come at once to sweep the kitchen chimney, for it's smoking enough to choke us."



"It's that young scallywag!" he cried

Mr. Blackie didn't come at once, but he came, at the most inconvenient time he could have chosen, at four o'clock in the afternoon, just as Mother Jacko was sitting down to have a cup of tea with Big Sister Belinda, who had come over to spend the day.

She bustled across to the kitchen to make a few hurried preparations, and sent Jacko into the garden to "watch the broom out." "I'll have no nonsense this time," she declared; and went back to her tea.

She was pouring out her second cup when the sweep poked his head into the parlour to ask where he could find a ladder.

"Can't get my brush down," he said; "it's stuck."

Mother Jacko looked scornful; but she told him where the garden ladder was kept, and the man went off.

He found it and climbed up. When he stepped on to the roof he found the brush as easy to move as a rolling stone. But when he tried it again from below it wouldn't budge!

"The thing's bewitched!" he cried. "It feels as if somebody's holding it!"

He went out into the garden and looked up.

"It's that young scallywag!" he cried. It was Jacko, of course.

The dirty yellow river was crowded with shipping, the narrow streets packed with vans and trolleys. Everything was noise and confusion, and the boys had no idea where to go or what to do. They stopped by a little eating-shop, and the smell of frying sausages reminded them that they had had nothing since an early breakfast.

"Let's get some grub," suggested Bruce.

Clive nodded and they went in and ordered sausages and mashed. While they ate they talked. "The best thing would be to find Carruthers' office," said Bruce. "They'd tell us what ships are sailing."

A man sitting opposite spoke. "Scuse me butting in," he said politely. "But were you asking for Carruthers' office?"

Clive looked at the man, who was youngish and wore a cheap blue serge suit with a muffler round his neck. He had a sharp, narrow face and hard, pale-blue eyes. Clive didn't quite like the look of him, and hesitated, but Bruce spoke quickly. "Yes. Do you know where it is?"

"Pity if I didn't. I work for 'em," said the man with a grin. "You come along with me and I'll show you."

They finished quickly and paid the bill. Then their new friend led the way down the street and up an alley. A dingy, dirty place, the air thick with unpleasant smells.

"It's a short cut," explained the man as he took them through a dark tunnel. "Who were you wanting to see?"

"Mr. Carruthers," said Bruce, "but he's away."

"You'd better see Mr. Beatty," said the man as he stopped opposite a door. "I'll find out if he's in."

He went in, leaving the boys standing in the narrow street. They waited for a long time and at last Clive spoke.

"I don't believe this is the office at all," he said. "What's more, I've a notion that chap's a fraud! Is—is the money all right?" he added.

Bruce put his hand into his breast-pocket. Then an expression of almost ludicrous surprise crossed his face. "Why, where on earth is it?" He began feeling all his pockets violently. "I must have left it in that feeding-place," he cried.

Clive shook his head. "No, Bruce. That fellow picked your pocket as we went through that tunnel."

TO BE CONTINUED

A NEW DRESS FOR BETHNAL GREEN

Perhaps Bethnal Green has been dreaming of her lost spring and summer dresses of living green.

Certainly something has somehow jogged somebody's memory of happier days, for a valiant effort is now being made to bring something green back to this drab district.

The Bethnal Green Gardens Guild has already provided seventy delighted children with garden plots in the ground surrounding St. Jude's Church. Every evening many boys and girls may be seen here busily planting and weeding, or watering their growing treasures. A caretaker looks after these happy gardeners, and when they are tired they sit on the steps and read. We are glad they have been seen reading the C.N.

Some hope of bringing a little beauty and freshness into the streets of Bethnal Green has also been influencing the grown-ups. Already there is a street of window-boxes bright with flowers.

It is very difficult to obtain good soil. Sometimes one can buy a little left over in boxes on vegetable stalls, or an iron-monger will sell a pennyworth! One clergyman saves his dead leaves every year to yield soil for a few window-boxes. For both garden plots and window-boxes there is an urgent need for seeds, plants, and bulbs; and money, of course, is also required. Will a few C.N. readers remember these children, who may have never seen a bluebell wood or a meadow yellow with cowslips?

Miss Monckton, of Oxford House, Mape Street, Bethnal Green, E.2, will gladly receive contributions. The Bethnal Green Gardens Guild needs outside members who would pay a subscription of half-a-crown a year. It is wonderful to think of the brightness that might be brought into drab streets by a hundred C.N. half-crowns. Picture on page 9

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MY MAGAZINE

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THE MYSTERY OF COFFEE

By One Who Likes It Good

A story of Edward the Seventh, told in Miss Haldane's book on her famous brother, interests everyone who is particular about the taste of coffee.

One day the King, when staying at Marienbad, took Lord Haldane for a drive into the country so that they might have some Austrian coffee, which was always admirable, whereas German coffee was always bad. King Edward declared that you could tell when you had crossed the frontier into Germany because of the badness of the coffee.

The King did not offer any explanation. Nobody ever does, and the reasons for good and bad coffee are one of the mysteries of civilisation. It used always to be good in France, but it is said that nowadays good coffee there is met far less often than bad. It is better in Italy. In England it is, as a rule, nearly as bad as in Germany.

If there is an explanation it is that the making of good coffee takes time and trouble: Trouble to begin with coffee when it is freshly roasted and newly ground; Time to make it slowly and allow it to distil rightly.

The way not to make it is to use coffee-extracts as in England and, more recently, in France, or to boil old coffee up again, as in Germany or elsewhere.

Perhaps every country gets the coffee it deserves, and English people are tea-drinkers rather than coffee-tasters. It is said that the only countries where the coffee is always good are countries where it is grown.

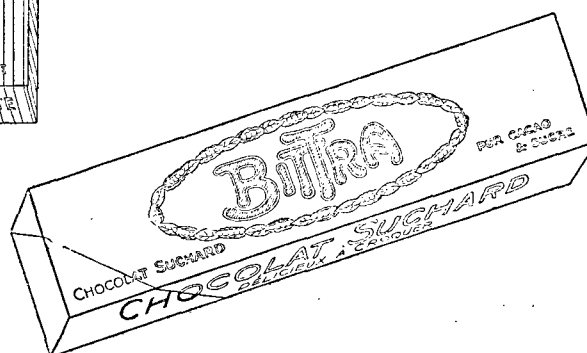
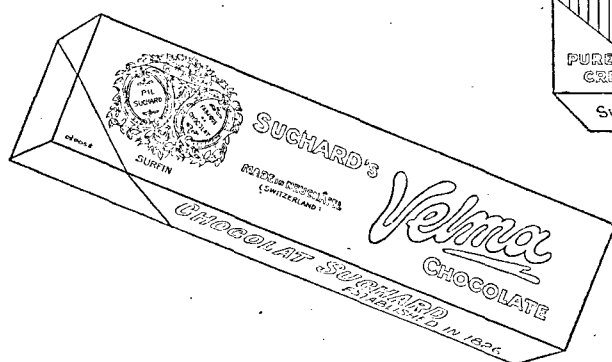
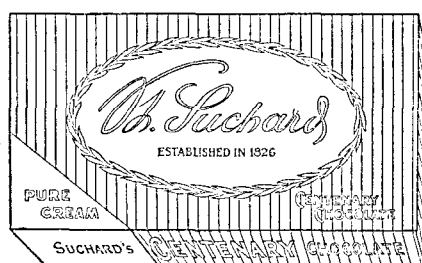
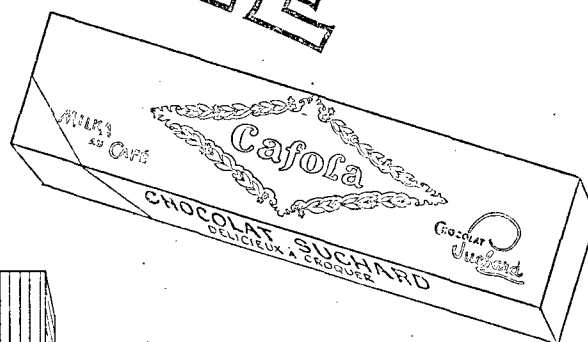
Pronunciations in This Paper

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Taurus Taw-rus

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NICE PEOPLE



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Paint or colour each of the five packets shown above in its proper colours, exactly as on original packets, which can be purchased from any good confectioner.
2. The words "Nice Chocolates for Nice People" you may colour in whichever colour you think looks best in connection with the packets.
3. Complete the form below, and post the finished picture to A. Brauen & Co. Ltd., 39/44 Cowper Street, London, E.C.2, together with one empty packet on which the name and address of the shop where you purchased it has been clearly written.

CONDITIONS

1. The Competition closes on July 15th, 1929, and all entries should reach us on or before that date.
2. You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided that each is accompanied by an empty packet of one of our lines. Any size packet may be sent.
3. The decision of A. Brauen & Co. Ltd. must be regarded as final.
4. Due allowance will be made for age, and all entry forms must be signed by Parent, Guardian or Teacher.

Entry Form

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

I wish to enter the Competition, and agree to abide by the rules.

The name and address of the Confectioner from whom my packet was purchased is:

Name..... Address.....

I certify that the painting or colouring is the unaided work of the above-named Competitor.

Signed.....

(Teacher, Parent, Guardian.)

[Cross out the one not applicable.]

Date.....

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 14s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 29, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Money Puzzle

JACK and Tom each had a certain number of pennies. Said Jack to Tom: "If I had four times my present number of pennies, and also a third of yours, I should have fifty-nine."

Tom replied: "If I double your number were taken from eight times mine, and the product divided by four, I should have eleven."

How much money had each?
Answer next week

A Fish Marksman

A VERY remarkable creature, which captures its prey by shooting water at it, is the Archer fish. The Archer fish lives chiefly on insects, which it obtains in this way, and is capable of shooting a drop of water as far as five feet.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

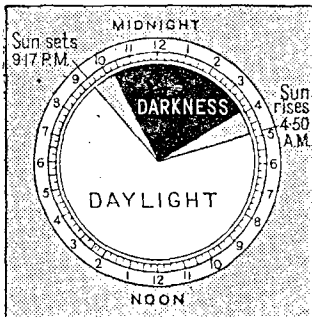
Dunce: A dunce is one who is slow at learning, a mere dullard, but the word is really the name of a man who was anything but a dunce or dullard.

Duns Scotus was one of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century, and he represented the old learning, while St. Thomas Aquinas represented the new. The followers of Aquinas ridiculed the disciples of Duns Scotus and described them as enemies of learning, and it was not long before Duns became a term of reproach. The name continued long after Duns and his followers were dead, and today we call a dullard a dunce.

Do You Live at Middlesbrough?

THIS name has probably nothing to do with middle, but is believed to be a corrupted spelling of Mailduf's town, just as Malmesbury is a corruption of Mailduf's burgh. Mailduf was a seventh-century abbot and teacher.

Day and Night Chart

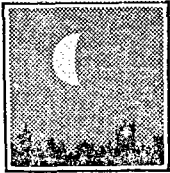


Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. June 21 was the longest day. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Jupiter are in the North-East.

In the evening Mars and Neptune are in the West and Saturn is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on July 1.



Diagonal Acrostic

EACH of the following clues indicates an eight-letter word. When the words are written one under the other the diagonal letters, commencing from the top left-hand corner, form the name of a well-known table game.

A plunderer. To appease or alleviate. A gift. Military rank. A fresh appearance. Splendid. A musical instrument. A common English bird.
Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le théâtre la dame le train
Quelle pièce joue-t-on au théâtre?
Le visage de cette dame me plaît.
Le train a passé à toute vitesse.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE last notes of the whinchat are heard. Rooks return to their nest trees to roost. Second broods of house sparrows are hatched. Young jays are fledged. The chaffinch's song ceases. The tree-pit lays a second time. The hen harrier hatches its young. Young frogs come on land. The great horse-fly appears. The wood leopard, scarlet tiger, and ghost moths are seen. Milfoil, white water-lily, field larkspur, meadow-sweet, basil thyme, common agrimony, blackberry, borage, skull cap, great valerian, rest harrow, lime, tufted vetch, St. John's wort, flowering rush, and moneywort are in blossom. Spurge laurel berries are ripe.

A Charade

A WORD of letters two,
A preposition reckoned,
My first is; and you'll find
Men always wear my second.
My third stands for myself.
My fourth prevents an entrance.
My whole the judge does to a case
Before he passes sentence.
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

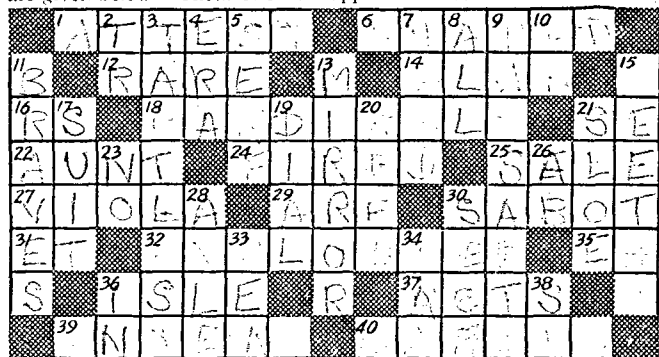
The Divided Legacy
Housekeeper £2500, cook £1500,
gardener £2000, chauffeur £1000.

Reversals

Dual, laud. Tide, edit. Gnat, tang
What Am I? Candlestick.
An Enigma. A sailing ship.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 43 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Testify. 6. Given form. 12. Uncommon. 14. High spirits. 16. Rupees.* 18. Small red birds. 21. South East*. 22. A female relative. 24. Discharged from a firearm. 25. Disposal of goods for money. 27. A large violin. 29. Part of the verb to be. 30. Wooden shoe. 31. French for and. 32. Bursting violently. 35. Exclamation. 36. Land surrounded by water. 37. Performs an action. 39. Introduce into. 40. Ship's rope.

Reading Down. 2. Translation*. 3. Lacking intuition. 4. Period of time. 5. A slave. 7. Important part of the body. 8. Everyone. 9. Corridors. 10. Narrow printer's measure. 11. Redskin warriors. 13. Looking-glass. 15. Boil. 17. Set of clothes. 19. Face of a clock. 20. Necessity. 21. Kind of black plum. 23. Negative. 26. Able-bodied seaman*. 28. Spindle supporting a wheel. 30. Crystallised atmospheric vapour. 33. Through. 34. Girl's name. 36. Within. 38. Latin prefix meaning without.

Dr. MERRYMAN

What's in a Name?

DOCTOR: For your complaint I recommend you to take a drink of hot water every morning. **Patient:** I've been doing that for ages, Doctor, but they call it coffee at the boarding-house.

Situation Vacant

THE Chief was getting impatient. Once again he rang for the boy, this time with effect. "Didn't you hear me ring?" he demanded when the boy arrived. "No, sir," was the reply. "Not until the third time."

Setting a Snare



"I'll plant myself," a Pixie said, "And be a blossom in a bed. A butterfly will notice me—Then I shall net it easily!"

In the Negative.

THERE was no doubt about it, the likeness was terrible, and Mr. Dashe, who was certainly not handsome, decided to see the photographer about it.

He made his complaint rather heatedly and wound up by asking "Do you mean to say that is a good portrait of me?"

The photographer looked from the portrait to Mr. Dashe and replied:

"The answer is in the negative."

Mr. Dashe is still wondering what he meant.

Obviously

BINKS: I had a three-hour interview with a Russian this morning, yet I know not a word of Russian.

Jinks: Wonderful! Did you manage by signs?

Binks: No; he spoke English fluently.

Eggs in the Sand

AN Ostrich observed with a sigh "The weather's so hot and so dry

That I'm sorely afraid Those fine eggs I have laid Will be 'scrambled,' or maybe they'll fry!"

WHO WAS HE?

THE famous nations of the world have often been small countries. Judea, Greece, England, Scotland, and Holland are instances. Their people boiled over with energy, which they showed both in deeds and in thought. Some races never lose their energy. The Jews are a proof of that. But the Greeks, once the leaders of the world, seem to have lost the qualities that made them great. We know and admire at least a hundred Greeks who lived before 2000 years ago, but only one Greek living today is known throughout the world. Here is a fine sample of a Greek who was busy 400 years B.C.

He was a Greek of Athens, well educated but not well off,

handsome and brave, and he believed in doing things rather than dreaming of them. He admired the stern city of Sparta more than his talkative native city of Athens. Particularly he blamed Athens for killing its great philosopher Socrates, who was his friend and teacher. He hated the waste of killing such a fine man, though he did not fully understand Socrates.

Persia was a rich country and Greece was poor, but the Greeks were the better soldiers, so the Persians hired them to fight their battles. This man was one of ten thousand who left Greece to fight for pay in the Persian wars. But the Persian king was killed, and then the Greeks found them-

A GREAT GREEK—SOLDIER AND WRITER

selves unemployed, in a foreign land, a thousand miles from home. When their officers went to the Persians to arrange for a peaceful journey back they were treacherously trapped and slain. What a fix those Greeks were in!

But Greeks in those days were a stout-hearted race, so they faced about and marched toward home, defying anyone to stop them. It was a five months' journey through wild, mountainous country to reach the shore of the Black Sea, but they overcame all the difficulties largely through the wise leadership of their chosen chief, who was the Athenian who so greatly admired Sparta.

How do we know about all this? Well, this man wrote an account of the journey out and of the journey home. He was not only a man of action but he wrote a great deal. He wrote about the great teacher Socrates. He took up the best Greek history, after the death of its writer Thucydides, and continued it.



He lived happily to a good age, and was made very well off by a large ransom paid for a rich Persian whom he captured in the war. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

After your day's work you are tired out. Your holidays are spent resting because you haven't the energy to visit the wonderful sights nature has provided. Take a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. and build a reserve of vitality that will enable you to enjoy all your leisure moments. Made from fresh rich creamy milk, whole wheat with added Vitamin D it is just what you require.

Ready to drink in a minute—just add boiling water.

Send 3d. in stamps for a 1 lb. trial sample.

ALLEN & HANBURY LTD.
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

YOU can see her growing every day—growing healthy, strong and graceful, and you can see how the "Liberty" Bodice helps. **FLEXIBLE**—It leaves her young body free to move joyously. The gentle support prevents undue fatigue. **POROUS**—it graduates cooling after exercise. The soft shoulder straps take the pull of suspenders. **SNUG**, comfy and long wearing the "Liberty" Bodice is ideal for growing girls, small boys and girls and sports-women.

FREE GIFT.—Send us two paper coupons from recently purchased "Liberty" Bodices, with name and address of a friend not a "Liberty" Bodice wearer, and receive a charming skipping rope with bells. Dept. 56, Libertyland, Market Harborough.

★ Ask your draper to show you the "Liberty" Bodice Combie. It has all the qualities of its famous twin, and it is expressly designed for those who prefer the perfect combination.